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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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THE FARMER IN THE COMMONWEALTH

BY RALPH H. GABRIEL

AMERICAN citizens were hardly prepared to see, at the close of the recent political contest, fraternizing and even coalition between the belligerents. Yet Congress had scarcely gotten under way in December, 1920, when it became evident that the Republicans of the West were uniting with the Democrats of the South with the avowed object of enacting important agrarian legislation. To the average urban dweller in the eastern population centres the thing was inexplicable—and preposterous. "What basis has the farmer," demanded an influential metropolitan journal, "for asking special favors not granted by him to others in the community? Is not agriculture a business like other businesses, and, as such, subject to the same kind of hazard?" A Virginia farmer answered the question:

> We of the soil who have tended our flocks and tilled our land faithfully through the last twelve months have been able, aided by kindly nature, to pour into the larders of our city brethren all the food staples needed to take away the haunting fear of the "high cost of living." . . . Of course we would like to continue to play the rôle of food philanthropists—produce food at a loss—but we cannot do it. Therefore many of us in the coming year, in spite of slogans such as "Food Wins the War" or "Feed the Nation" or "Feed Starving Europe" will merely try to feed the farmer. . . . It behooves those then who consume what we produce to eat while the eating is good—and cheap.

The challenge and the answer suggest a national situation full of unpleasant possibilities. The farmer is asserting himself

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as never before. His power is both economic and political. Almost unnoticed, a new agrarian movement has been developing during the last quarter century. Now that it is coming to the surface it is called the "Menace of New Privilege" and its demands are denounced as class legislation. A force which has united the victors and the vanquished on a new firing-line is worth more than a passing consideration. What is its bearing upon our national economic life? What is it likely to do to American democracy?

Who is this American farmer now so much in the thoughts not only of his countrymen, but of the anxious people across the Atlantic? In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries he brought from northern Europe a simple, almost primitive system of agriculture that had been handed down from father to son for generations. Taking suggestions from his neighbors, the Indians, he developed a self-sufficient type of farming adapted to the new country. During the nineteenth century, these scythe-swinging Americans overran the continent within the territorial limits of the United States, carrying their simple farming methods with them. They conquered and brought under cultivation a magnificent domain of almost limitless possibilities for food production. It was this accomplishment on their part that enabled American industrialism to grow, unhampered, at whatever rate it would. It must be remembered, however, that the kind of farming that characterized these years of expansion was little more than soil exploitation. Heedless and wasteful methods spread, like a pestilence, over the rich valleys of the interior. In the extension to the broad farming areas of America of this type of agriculture, born of ignorance and plenty, is to be found the *raison d'être* for the new agrarianism.

The westward sweep of the frontier produced the farming class of America. To understand the complex of cross-currents that confuse the contemporary farmers' movement and to visualize its menacing as well as beneficent possibilities, it is well to look for a moment at the heterogeneous population that spread over the valley of the Mississippi during the nineteenth century. They came in their Conestoga wagons and prairie schooners, the thrifty mingling with the thriftless, those who looked forward

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to success with those who looked back upon failure, Americans with the foreign born. Some of them had been farmers; some were the derelicts of a score of other callings. The frontier was the "safety valve" of the nation whither the radical and the misfit, as well as the able and ambitious, might go to breathe the air of liberty and equality. The farmer group of America was not built up by the evolutionary method of the selection of the fit and the elimination of the unfit. The process was quite the reverse. Democracy's policy of lavish distribution of the rich bounty of nature gave the inefficient an equal chance with the efficient, the farmer with the man who knew nothing of agriculture. It is doubtful if the penalty for individual failure, either on the fields or in the city, has ever been so light as in America of the nineteenth century when the down-and-out could still go west. Of such materials the American farmer group was originally composed. Is it surprising that this group, until recently practically isolated from contemporaneous civilization, should, at times, bring forth strange things? The security enjoyed by the nineteenth century is paid for, in part, by the socialistic, Non-Partisan League of the twentieth.

But the picture is not all dark; the very disadvantages of the farmer group proved advantageous. The equality of the frontier that enticed the derelict developed a sturdy independence and an upstanding individualism that has separated the farmer of America from the peasant of Europe by an impassible gulf. The very isolation of the primitive frontier that brought intellectual stagnation developed that aggressive resourcefulness upon which success is built. Out of the composite of peoples that crossed the Appalachians came the American. Though many of the abler men left the farm for the cities, in more cases than we know the love of the soil remained with them. From these, for the most part, were recruited that army of experimenters who, in the last half of the nineteenth century, brought into being the science of agriculture.

The last decade of the nineteenth century saw the conclusion of the old epoch in American farming and the beginning of the new agrarianism. The frontier disappeared bringing to an end the timeworn process of increasing agricultural products by tak-

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ing up new land. Escape from the rigors of competition was cut off. Moreover, the rolling prairie country had been covered with a network of railroads and the haunts of the bison shook under the wheels of hurrying locomotives. As free land disappeared and the country filled up with people, land values rose and farms became costly. Ex-Secretary Meredith recently announced that, in the forty years from 1860 to 1900, during most of which time the frontier was an active force, farm values increased only twenty per cent. In 1920, they were five times as great as in 1900, and the end is not yet. Not only have farms become costly but the tools which have replaced the scythe and cradle have greatly increased in expense. The result of these changes is that farming has passed out of the simple, almost primitive development of the mid-nineteenth century and become a capitalistic enterprise.

This change is one of the fundamental factors in the new agrarianism. It is a change which has brought inexorable competition into the farmer group and a weeding out of the unfit and the inefficient. The purge of the riffraff that flooded the farming areas of America during the years in which they served as the safety valve of the nation has begun. The growing keenness of this competition has played no inconsiderable part in breaking down the lethargy of "old habits already and insensibly acquired without any expense of thought," and in bringing open-mindedness to the new agricultural science.

For more than a quarter of a century the land grant colleges and the State and National experiment stations developed this science against the day when there should be no more unoccupied land. They foresaw that, when it came, food production must be increased by the use of better methods. To abolish the inertia of the traditional farmer and to put the new science actually at work behind the plough was the task which lay ahead. The beginning of the solution of this problem is at the very centre of the agrarian movement of the first quarter of the twentieth century.

There is one more factor, however, that aided in changing the old epoch into the new. In the early, formative years in American history, when perhaps eighty or ninety per cent of Americans

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got their living from the soil, it was difficult for farmers to feel that they belonged to a specialized class. After the turn of the nineteenth century, however, when industry began to stride forward in seven league boots and giant cities to appear, the men of agriculture began more and more clearly to see themselves as an economic group apart. They were specialists in a national division of labor of which the new capitalist and the new wage-earner were the two other most important elements. Farmers' organizations appeared, the Grange, the Farmers' Alliance, the Agricultural Wheel and finally the political organization called the Populist party. The significance of these is to be found, not in their continued failures, but in their aid to the development of a group consciousness, a pride of occupation and a sense of community of interest full of significance for the future. The last of them, the Populists, met defeat in the election of 1896. Six years before, in the census of 1890, the National Government had recorded the passing of the frontier. In 1900, land values began doubling and trebling with astounding rapidity. The last decade in the nineteenth century, therefore, distinctly marks the passing of an epoch. With the beginning of the twentieth century came the new movement destined to bring profound changes to American life.

The new era for the farmers of America opened with what might almost be called a revolution. The civilization of the cities and the cultural centres began to spread, like a flood over a valley bottom, through the isolated rural districts. The innocence and simplicity of the farmer folk, a favorite theme for the writers of a few decades ago, began to give place to the sophistication of the urbanite. Within scarcely a decade, the rural free delivery, the rural telephone, improved roads and the automobile began to break down rural isolation. No longer were the farmers of America condemned to lives of few social contacts. City dailies, better farm journals and the standard books and magazines brought the events and thoughts of contemporary civilization to the firesides of the farmhouses. The types known to their city neighbors as "hoosiers" "hay-seeds" and "rubes" began to disappear. The process is yet only in its beginnings. This acculturation of the farmer group which, in spite of its handicaps,

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is intellectually and morally sound must stand out as one of the important events of the early twentieth century.

The broadening of the intellectual horizon of the farmer is not, however, the only aspect of the new agrarianism. The men of the soil have taken their cue from modern commercial and industrial enterprise. Coöperation and, at times, combination have modified certain forms of competition. There are many agrarian leaders who look forward to a day not far distant when farmers' coöperative organizations of nation-wide scope will bring about fundamental modifications in our distributive system for food products and when the middle-man will be reduced to a factor of minor importance and the middle-man's profit divided between the producer and the consumer.

So important have these coöperatives become that the nation has taken cognizance of them. Their defence against the operation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law is one of the most important political problems of the farmer. The penalty for failure in this is serious. The farmer manages his enterprise on a small margin of profit in spite of the fact that it is an occupation subject to the hazards of the weather as well as those of the law of supply and demand. The smallness of this profit plus the character of rural living conditions has caused a considerable movement from the farms to the cities. This has operated against American agriculture more than the mere numbers would imply because, in general, it has been the more able men who have left the farmer group to live in the cities and to try their fortune in enterprises offering greater margins of profit. The farmers' coöperative movement has for its object the making of farming more profitable. If the National Government breaks up the farmers' coöperatives, it destroys the most important single economic factor tending to hold the abler younger men on the farms. Such action would menace the food supply of the nation, which now must be increased by better and more intelligent farming instead of by an increase in the farming area. Class legislation may be for the national interest.

But it is not in coöperatives that the most significant phase of the new agrarianism is to be found. That phase is the organization of the modern farmer group. After a long and costly

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process of trial and failure which led many men to believe that the farmers could never be organized, what once seemed so difficult has been accomplished so quietly and so quickly that even the farmers themselves scarcely realize the significance of what has happened. Almost overnight, the Farm Bureau has become a factor of major national importance. It must not be believed that this is the only farmers' organization. There are active survivals of earlier organizations of which the Grange is probably the most powerful and most useful. Furthermore there are organizations of specialists within the agricultural field such as the Dairymen's League and the National Wool Growers' Association. The centre of this complex of organizations, however, is to be found in the Farm Bureau.

And what is the Farm Bureau? Its origin will explain its character. It is practically founded upon the Smith-Lever Law, signed by Mr. Wilson on May 8, 1914. This measure appropriated more than $5,000,000 for the carrying on of agricultural extension work among the farmers of the various States, with the proviso that the States benefiting should at least duplicate the sums furnished by the National Government. It was an attempt on the part of the National Government to put the new science of agriculture actually at work on the nation's farms. The land grant colleges were to supervise the task in the States. The solution took two forms, the building up of extension departments in the colleges themselves and the development of the county agent. The latter stands at the centre of the whole organization. He is not an expert and is not supposed to be able to answer off-hand the thousands of questions that pour into his office from the citizens of the county he serves. He is a man with a general training in the science of agriculture, and it is his job to know where to get the information. He is the middleman between the practical farmer and the scientist. For coöperation with the county agent and for the raising of money to meet part of the expenses incurred the farmers of the county are organized into a Farm Bureau.

In the main, the local bureaus have proved successful. Organization of them received a great impetus during the War when every possible effort was being made in America to increase food

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production. During 1917 and 1918, they spread over almost the entire farming area of the nation. It was a natural and simple step from the county organizations to State federations of these bureaus. In November 1919, when one thousand county farm bureaus had been organized, representatives from thirty-six States, meeting at Chicago, formed the National Farm Bureau Federation. Committees were organized or projected to study coöperative marketing, transportation and rural economics in general. On these committees sit the scientists from the land grant colleges and experiment stations, editors of farm journals and practical farmers. The dues of the bureau members have put considerable financial resources at the disposal of the national organization. Out of this money is sustained a lobby at the national capital. Beginning with the national Department of Agriculture this farmers' organization reaches downward through the land grant colleges and county agents to the common farmer. This half is part of the official governmental extension work and is supported in part from the public treasury. But the other half of the organization, beginning with the County Farm Bureau, formed to assist the county agents, ascends through the State federations to the National Federation with its lobby at Washington. Although the two halves are technically separate, they practically form almost a closed circle.

The new agrarianism has, therefore, brought a new factor into American democracy. The agrarian organization includes, not only the practical farmer, but the experimental scientist. It takes in the agricultural mass from top to bottom. It has the material for able leadership, both local and national. The permanence of the organization is practically guaranteed, not only because of the Governmental and State support that it enjoys but because, through the county agent, it offers a practical solution to the problem of getting greater production out of each acre of farm land. The National and State Governments support the Bureau for the same reason that the farmers do.

But increase in production is not all. The Farm Bureau, like the Grange and the other farmers' organizations, considers the wider interests of the farmer group. This phase leads it inevitably into politics. The political methods of the Bureau show the effect

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of recent political thought. The old, costly mistake of attempting to turn a farmers' organization into a political party has been avoided. The organized farmers of America accept the two dominant parties and are divided between them. Like the other economic groups of the present they work within and upon both. There is no governmental official who is not liable to feel the weight of pressure from the organized farmers. National and State federations may pass resolutions containing suggestions. The farmers' lobbies in the State and National capitals may make demands upon public servants. The sanction behind these suggestions and demands is the ballot, the one great political weapon of a democracy. It is well to remember that not only has the farmer group greater voting power than either the capitalist or labor groups, but in State after State it has a numerical superiority.

To mould this inchoate mass of ballots into a weapon that can be used with effect the National Farm Bureau Federation is establishing a service of information which will put facts of vital importance into the hands of farmers in the shortest time. This farmer group is largely American and English speaking, made up of intelligent entrepreneurs. It is not to be compared with the labor group in which a confusion of tongues and the ignorance of the foreigner regarding American affairs make effective political thinking and action extremely difficult. The leaders of the farmers, however, are not content with keeping the farmer vote informed. They have borrowed a suggestion from the old Progressive Movement and are adapting the referendum to their purposes. The report of a county agent of a New York county, dated November 10, 1920, contained the following: "Last spring when the big farmers' fight on Daylight Saving was before the Legislature the Schuyler County Farm Bureau gathered, tabulated and sent to the State Federation of Farm Bureaus the sentiment of 2,464 persons in Schuyler County who were opposed to the Daylight Saving proposition." This meant pressure of some importance upon the county's representative at the State capitol. The necessary machinery for nationwide referendums is being perfected. The tools of democracy are being used by an economic group within that democracy. A rough measure of

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the future effectiveness of the plan may be found in the success of the farmer group, with its organization not yet completed, in forcing the bi-partisan coalition in Congress. Out of the quiet countryside has come a giant.

What is the significance of this for America? One thing seems clear. Before the Civil War, as Professor Turner has pointed out, national politics were to a great extent, dominated by competition and divergence of interest among the various sections within the United States. Although sectionalism still exists, it is no longer the controlling political factor. It is now competition and divergence of interest among at least three economic groups that form the undercurrents driving the straws on the political surface. Unpleasant as this fact may be, it can no longer be ignored. In estimating the economic and political resources of the three groups it is well to remember that, upon our American fields and meadows we have reared a great industrial structure, a veritable Tower of Babel lifting its builders high above an immediate struggle with the natural environment in the effort to maintain life. Yet these builders, though raised above the pastures and the grain fields, cannot shake off an elemental dependence upon them. The food quest is as vital today as it was to the primitive savage who hunted the beasts in the forest. The recent war has made this dependence very vivid. The speed with which Babel can be built now depends upon whether the farmer increases his yields of wheat and corn. He controls the food quest. His dawning realization of this fact may be called, for want of a better name, the new agrarianism.

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WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT?

BY GEORGE H. SABINE

HARDLY more than a century ago, the hopes of liberals were centered in the creation of representative legislatures. Popular assemblies were established where none existed, and everywhere the assembly was made representative of a larger part of the population. In the end the suffrage was extended in many countries to approximately the whole adult population, of both sexes and of all degrees of wealth, education, and rank. And yet, with this process now practically complete, success has brought disillusionment rather than elation. In the United States we have the last step still fresh in mind, the enfranchisement of women. It is safe to say that the great majority even of those who favored it were rather listless; certainly few believe that it solves any serious political problem or that most legislation will be appreciably better because women have the vote. Broadening the basis of representation has ceased to seem a very important gain in the progress of government.

The fact is that as representative assemblies have become matters of course, we have very generally lost confidence in them as organs for making law. It is natural that in war-time, legislatures should decline in popular estimation, but I am not referring merely to that. The change was going on long before the War. Americans had long been accustomed to holding their legislatures in rather slight esteem, to thinking that the member of Congress or of the State legislature is not a very intelligent or a very important person. In fact, one would have to go a long way back in American politics to reach a time when election to Congress was an honor eagerly sought by men of ability and standing. The case of the State legislatures is much worse. If anything is written large across the histories of our States, it is popular distrust of the legislature. Our State constitutions, with their

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detailed restrictions upon legislative power, are monuments to this distrust.

The freedom of our legislatures has been limited in two chief ways. It has been partly lost through the assumption of legislative functions directly by the people, but still more has it been hampered by the ascendancy of executive officers, who have had to assume more and more responsibility for getting laws framed and passed.

It was natural for Americans to assume that the democratic way to settle a question was to leave it to the people, and the more they distrusted their representatives, the more they tended to think that leaving it to the people meant letting the people vote on it. Since they did not trust the legislature to pass the laws they wanted, they invented ways of initiating legislation. And since they feared that the legislature would pass laws they did not want, they reserved to themselves the right to pass upon an enactment before it became law. More and more of our State law was written into the State constitution, which as a rule could be amended only by a referendum. Thus the initiative and the referendum were symptoms of the low opinion which Americans had of their State legislatures, but they were also causes of the further decay of those bodies, for the surest way to make a place unacceptable to an able man is to make it a place where little or nothing can be done.

In the case of the Federal Government, Congress lost power mainly to executive officers. Not that it tamely surrendered, or that its legal powers were restricted. Except in unusual circumstances, Congress has been tenacious of its Constitutional independence, and has rather enjoyed waging guerilla warfare against a President or Cabinet officer. But in the long run, circumstances have been too much for Congress. The power of the President, even over legislation, has steadily increased, and more and more Congress has had to accept his leadership. No theoretical independence could free Congress from the results of the President's superior strategic position. He could bring public opinion to bear upon them in a way they dared not neglect. For there can be no doubt that the public by preference sides with the President. It may grow tired at times of what orators

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call "one-man government," but when some action is definitely wanted, the public rather likes to see the President put it through. It is in fact a definite gain in popular government to be able to hold some one person responsible for legislation, as for other results. The President, paradoxically enough, has become the people's agent for keeping the people's representatives up to their job. Our most successful Governors in the last twenty years have been men who could deal with State legislatures in the same fashion.

The public esteem in which the legislature is held has thus tended to decline in comparison with that given to other parts of the Government. Indeed, it is not too much to say that our legislatures have come to be distrusted, and that a very large number of persons feel that our so-called representative bodies are the part of the Government which least represent them in those matters which they deem of the greatest importance. It should be noted, however, that distrust of legislatures has not meant distrust of legislation. Particular acts may be condemned, but so far as methods are concerned, we look to legislation for the remedy of abuses almost as much as ever we did. In fact, this faith is inevitable. Social and economic relations in an industrial society have refused to become stable and social processes have undergone a steady and amazing acceleration. Such changes call for corresponding changes in the legal relations of the parties interested. Hence the law has had to change much faster in the last fifty years than ever before in human history. And some sort of legislative machinery has to labor at this task. Hence the appalling volume of law that our national, State, and municipal legislatures have poured upon the world. One may believe in particular cases that much of this law was ill-made, but he cannot escape the fact that one way or another most of it had to be made. There is no reason to suppose that the next fifty years will see any diminution of the need for revising the law.

The two outstanding features of the present situation are the need of legislating and our loss of confidence in the agencies by which legislating is done. Since there is no possibility of doing away with the need for legislation, the only question is the

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possibility of more satisfactory agencies. In particular we need to get at the seat of our distrust of elected representatives. Representation, doubtless, we must have, since direct legislation is out of the question both by reason of the size of modern States and equally by reason of the complexity of the questions involved. Along what lines may we expect our law-making institutions to move under the stress of the present discontent? But first, can we explain more clearly *why* representatives have lost touch with their constituencies and lost the confidence of those who elect them?

The general notion of representation is of course very old. For English-speaking people especially it was not at all an invention of the age of democratization. There was one element, however, in the early notion of representation which has been almost wholly lost in the course of modern political evolution. In earlier times it was a *community* which was represented. The representative was the spokesman for a unified group which might not unreasonably be expected to express itself with one voice. It was a unit in fact, in the sense that the interests of the members really were for the most part confined to the local group, and it was a unit also in the minds of the members. The community was relatively small. It was economically self-sufficing to a very large extent, and there was relatively little communication with other communities. In consequence, the interests of every person in it were almost exclusively local and were very largely bound up with the welfare of the locality. Its social and economic organization was exceedingly simple, compared with modern communities. There really were group interests and these interests really could be represented.

Moreover, the members were definitely conscious of the community as a real being. If we were to borrow a modern idea, we should say that the units of representation were corporations. The local bodies acted in all respects as if they were persons. A county was in no sense merely the indefinite number of persons who happened to live in a given area. In fact, though the word county (*comitatus*) does refer to a geographical district, it means equally the county court, or local representative body, which chooses members to sit in Parliament. The county has duties,

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rights, guilt, judgment, will, and organs for performing or expressing these. The looseness of the individual from the locality in which he lives, which is natural to our way of thinking, is essentially a modern idea. The correlated notion of the locality as merely a square mile of land inhabited by some indefinite number of persons is equally modern. In the past the local group was a community. Sometimes it was a guild with a definite unity of economic interest, but in any case the members were united by ties which seemed to them entirely tangible and the group thus formed was in their eyes a permanent, living, acting entity. Representation always involved the idea of such a unified group which spoke through its sworn mouthpiece.

The evolution of modern social and economic conditions, and the accompanying growth of modern government, have conspired, one might almost say, to crush the life out of the smaller units and localities which were once its living elements. It was inevitable under the circumstances that government should become more and more highly centralized, and that localities should be subjected more and more to centralized control. In the nature of the case the small local group could not preserve its individuality and self-sufficiency. More and more politics became a relation between two sharply contrasted extremes. On the one hand is the very powerful national state which knows no limit to its legal competence, which claims the power,—and sometimes exercises it,—of regulating all phases of the citizen's life, from his religion to his industry and from his education to his hygiene. On the other hand there is the citizen himself whose local attachments and communal bonds often have singularly little to do with his political activities and relationships. No doubt he still belongs to a community of some sort, but the community has largely ceased to be local and is not at all a political entity; on the other hand, the local political districts in which he votes have never become communities in any real sense of the word.

Thus we come to our present notion of representation, which is purely geographical and numerical. The constituency has become merely the indefinite number of heterogeneous individuals who happen to live inside an arbitrary line. If a State has sixteen

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members in Congress, a Congressional district is merely an area containing one-sixteenth of the population of the State. By no stretch of the imagination can the Congressional district be called a community: it need have no common interests; its people are held together by no conscious social bonds; and they may in fact be heterogeneous to any extent. The other units of local government are no different. Our cities are divided mechanically into wards; our States are divided mechanically into counties; and the States themselves, if they ever had any real unity, have ceased to have it. By this I mean that there is little or nothing in the social and economic relations between the people that correspond to the legal and political distinctions imposed upon them by the existence of the State.

Thus it is true almost universally that the local units of government have little real significance; the local governments do not stand for functionally active communities conforming to the interests and sentiments of the people. When we have wished to make really effective administrative units, such for example as the districts of the Federal Reserve Bank, we have had to neglect the legal frontiers between our local governing units. Is not this the fundamental reason why the claim to State's rights and local self-government, which has been acclaimed persistently as an ideal in American politics, has had so little practical effect? But more especially is it not at the root of our difficulty with representation? How can one man represent that which has no unity and stands for no definite purpose? Is it not easy to see why men feel that a representative who is shared among a heterogeneous mass is no representative at all? In the nature of the case he cannot stand for that which vitally interests anyone, for if he does, he becomes antagonistic to someone else who has an equal claim upon him. Thus he is smoothed down to the level of the man who is everybody's friend,—the very symbol of futility. In a word, our political representation has lost touch with the social and economic relations which make up most of the life of the community.

The fact is that while political representation has adhered rigidly to the locality in the mere geographical sense, the general tendency of social and political development has been to make

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human communities independent of locality to a degree that would have been utterly inconceivable a century ago. Stripped of their traditional associations in the local community, men have set themselves to the making of new ties and new associations which are for the most part not local. Wide and easy communication make it practically certain that human associations will never again depend so much upon locality as they have in the past. What is essential to an association is not that the members should be in the same place, but that they should be convinced of a common interest in uniting, a common purpose to be attained, a common cause to be served. If this interest is a permanent one and if it is one which can obtain the adherence of large numbers of men, great and enduring associations can result which awaken a high degree of loyalty in their members. There is one such association which has played a great part in human life and which is by no means modern, viz., the Church, but the last generation has seen an amazing proliferation of associations of this sort. We have, for example, all the manifold associations with an economic basis,—the chambers of commerce, the employers' associations, the federations of labor, the coöperative consumers' leagues, the farmers' marketing and purchasing associations. It is extraordinary how easily and rapidly men ally themselves in these ways when the conditions are right to make them aware of a community of interest. Moreover, by no means are all these modern associations economic in origin. The lawyers' bar associations, the physicians' medical associations, and the engineering associations appeal in part no doubt to an economic motive, but certainly to many other motives besides. The many associations of scholars are for the most part not economic at all. In general, any permanent basis of common interest that can be furthered by coöperation offers the ground for an association of this sort.

The great number of these non-local associations that are based on common interests, and the rapidity with which they grow in size and power, make a striking phenomenon of present-day society. They have increased as the local community has declined, and for the same reason: under modern conditions it is simply impossible that interests should be confined within the

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bounds of local groups. Modern men in increasing numbers are but loosely attached to local groups and on the other hand have more and more interests in common with other men who are widely scattered. The interests which unite them with other persons of the same occupation outside their locality may easily be more vital than those which unite them with their neighbors, and the associations which result may command a correspondingly larger share of their attention and loyalty. In short, they feel that this association, or its agents, is a more adequate representative of their real interests than the political representative whom they must share with all sorts and conditions of men because of the merely external identity of residence.

Though non-local associations based upon common interests have become a serious social phenomenon, it should be noted that they have not as yet attained the standing of a political phenomenon, at least in the United States. By this I mean that they are wholly outside the law, though of course not contrary to it. They are private associations and nothing more. Government does not recognize them or make any use of them, except under unusual circumstances. Indeed, it has sometimes tried to hinder them, especially in the case of labor organizations, though with no great success when many persons were convinced of their utility. I do not say that they have played no part in government. They have, for in many cases an important part of their purpose is to influence legislation. They try to supply indirectly the representation which their members do not feel that they get from their political representatives, but such activity is extra-legal; it is no part of the organized agencies by which our laws are made.

This extra-legal influence upon law-making, though it doubtless always existed in some degree, has grown to be one of the paradoxes of representative government. We solemnly elect our representatives and send them to the State or National capital to make our laws. But when we want something, or believe that something needs doing, we show little confidence that our representative will know about it or give his help if he knows. We forthwith begin to devise ways of convincing him that we want it and of putting pressure upon him to help us get it. What we

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actually rely on is the extra-legal, voluntary association which we feel can really be trusted to look after our interests. The merchant or manufacturer looks to his chamber of commerce or his employers' association to secure the legislation he needs or to prevent the legislation he fears. Even the citizen who wants nothing more from the legislature than an adequate provision for the public schools, finds that he must work through associations organized to bring political pressure to bear upon State officials. We are in the position of the man who kept a dog but had to do his own barking.

Thus every legislative assembly is attended by a great pulling and hauling of interests, but this in itself is not what makes the paradox. The purpose of law is to harmonize and adjust conflicting interests in behalf of the whole community. It is right and proper, therefore, that all interests should be represented and heard. The paradox lies in the fact that the real representatives are not the responsible legislators, that the most decisive part of the session is likely to take place in the lobby, and that the duly elected "representative" constantly tends to become a puppet whose strings are pulled by someone in the background. And the public generally expects that results will be got by pressure or persuasion, by methods which it vaguely hopes will be legitimate but which it knows often are not so. Thus our laws are passed under conditions which are merely another chapter in the old story of bad government: power without responsibility and responsibility without power. The real representative who commands the support of an organized and interested part of the voters is a private person who need only keep on the right side of the corrupt practices act, while the man who is elected ostensibly to make law is politically responsible to an unorganized constituency which has no unified purpose to be represented. Is it strange that men with real ability and serious purposes should be loath to undertake such a job?

In the meantime, organization for the coöperative furthering of common interests grows steadily and rapidly. It is idle to blind ourselves to the fact that there are great possibilities of danger in this. A powerful association to promote a particular interest becomes a public menace when it uses its power in an

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irresponsible or purely selfish manner. But of course it is equally idle to suppose that we can influence such associations by treating them as if they were somehow abnormal. The danger lies not so much in the fact that they are powerful, as in the fact that they are irresponsible. Both labor unions and employers' associations as we know them have been organized mainly to wage war on their enemies and to win advantages for the interests they represent, whatever other interests may suffer in the process. So long as they remain of this sort they are seeds of disorder; it is just this which no statesmanlike solution of the problem can tolerate. Conflict of interests we shall always have and these conflicts will call for continual readjustment. But the adjustment must itself be an obligation upon the organizations which exist to maintain the interests. They must be made responsible for the adjustment of conflicts and for a due regard to other interests.

When an organization reaches a certain degree of power, it is really a pretense to go on treating it as if it were merely a private and more or less casual association. Already there exist associations both of labor and of capital able to exercise a power of life or death over the industries upon which the community has to live. Though nominally voluntary, they exert a control over their members which is sometimes more binding than law itself. In fact, they have at their command much of the psychological apparatus that goes to the making of law. In a word, they are institutions, or at least they are clearly on the road to becoming institutions, though they lack recognition. In one way or another, government must take account of these vast organizations; it must utilize them as responsible agencies in the public control over the vital organs of the community.

The problem of representative government is to get back to a representation of vital interests by responsible representatives. It is not my purpose to discuss the plans by which it has been proposed to bring this about. Proportional representation would at least permit men to group themselves as their interests might dictate. The representation of industrial interests permitted by the new German Constitution is a recognition of the problem, if not a solution. Perhaps in the end we shall be driven to the

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much more radical expedient of organizing our basic industries as self-governing units having more or less of legal competence and subject more or less to some kind of outside regulation. Such plans for the future contain necessarily a large element of speculation. But it is not speculation to say that representative government as it now exists is far from being an unequivocal success or that it has grievously disappointed the hopes which liberals built upon it. It is not speculation to hazard the forecast that representation will never again be made effective upon a merely local or geographical basis. The modern community has outgrown the limits of locality, which, from the beginning of man's experience down to the end of the eighteenth century, were natural to all communities. When essential human interests and the associations built upon them have ceased to be local, it is idle to suppose that locality can continue to serve as a sufficient basis for political representation. We cannot go on forever with a twentieth century society and an eighteenth century system of government.

GEORGE H. SABINE.

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THE PRESENT AND FUTURE OF IMMIGRATION

BY PRESCOTT F. HALL

THE prediction of the best experts that, after the ending of the World War, immigration to this country would again reach the high water mark of a million a year, which it made during the decade before the War, seems almost certain to be fulfilled. Although the net addition to population during the fiscal year 1920 was only about 193,000, the best testimony is to the effect that the numbers likely to come in the next few years will be limited only by the capacity of the steamships to bring them; in other words that a million to a million and a half will come annually.

The only influences likely to keep aliens at home are: first, a revival of racial and national aspirations in the newly created states of Europe; second, the amount of reconstruction work in countries within the war zone; third, the efforts of the various countries to keep their citizens at home for military reasons, until the political outlook is clearer; fourth, the adoption of prohibition by this country. The increased cost of passports and steerage rate has been shown already not to be an influence deterring from emigration.

The influences in favor of migration are much more potent than those above-mentioned. There has been a tremendous uprooting of families and individuals all through Europe. Persons who have once left their homes, who perhaps have no homes to return to, are very likely to seek to start life again in a new country, although they might never have thought of it under normal conditions. It remains to be seen whether the League of Nations can be counted as a factor for war or for peace; and, until the outlook is clearer, the demands of the various countries for military service are not likely to diminish. Added to this is the frightful burden of war taxation, sure to be contin-

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ued for a long period. If, by any chance, some disarmament agreement should lessen the demand for military service, this would be offset by the relaxation of regulations against migration; for European countries will know the great value of colonies of their citizens in America who send home large sums to their relatives in Europe.

We may be sure that the steamship companies will seek to turn to their profit any unsettlement of mind among the various peoples. For emigrants, who load and unload themselves and their effects, and cost but little to feed during the voyage, are the most profitable cargoes that can be carried. And the normal activities in this direction are likely to be further stimulated by a large increase in merchant shipping, and of commerce especially with the United States, resulting in keen competition with temporarily lower rates. Great Britain and this country will have an enormous tonnage for commercial purposes, and Germany has already taken steps to restore her merchant marine and to compete for her former place in transportation. Never have the steamship companies been more active at Washington than at present; and the fact that more ships are flying the American flag than before the War helps the arguments of the transportation interests. America is also sure to be better known and more talked about in Europe than ever before; and the comparative scale of wages and comfort which we provided for our soldiers will be an object lesson to reinforce the letters of earlier immigrants here, and their remittances to Europe on which whole districts have prospered.

For the past thirty years a large part of our annual immigration has not been what might be called a normal flow of population; but has been artificially stimulated in every way by the transportation companies. Although there has been legislation both here and abroad to check misrepresentation and fraud, there has been an emigration propaganda carried on by thousands of steamship agents reaching into the most remote hamlets of Europe and Western Asia. The schoolmaster and the parish priest have been agents to sell tickets on commission; and much use has been made of former emigrants returning home for a visit. Although, just at the moment, no persuasion is needed

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to secure enough immigrants to fill the ships, this sort of thing will be resumed whenever necessary, and on a larger scale than ever before.

In addition to the foregoing general considerations, there are special conditions in several countries which call for notice. What may happen in Russia no man knows; but it is pretty safe to say that at the present moment a considerable part of the people of Russia would like to be somewhere else. What was said above as to the uprooting of home ties and the fear of future disturbances will *a fortiori* apply to Russia for some time to come. Mr. Schiff, who was as well informed as anyone, expected three million Jews to come to this country after the war. Russia contains more Jews than any other European country, and most of those millions will come from there. Others will come from Turkey and the Balkan States. For the Zionist movement is more sentimental and formal than practical; and Palestine under any system of government, and with the help of extensive irrigation works and industrial plants, is yet incapable of supporting any large population.

The British Government took steps, even before the war, to make India more self-governing. Lord Morley started this movement; and, since his time in the India office, much more has been done in the same direction. If India becomes in fact a self-governing commonwealth, this will tend to assimilate it in the public mind to the other commonwealths in the British Empire, and to validate the idea of a similar treatment of its citizens. At the present time, Hindus are, with few exceptions, excluded from the United States under the geographical limitations in the act of 1917. They are likewise excluded from Australia under the law which requires an immigrant to be able to read in any language prescribed by the inspecting officials. From Canada they are excluded by the indirect actions of two Orders in Council. But now India has contributed most important aid in protecting the Empire as a whole; and may not this fact change her status not only within but without the British possessions?

Of more immediate interest is the Japanese situation. Japanese of the laboring class are now theoretically excluded from this

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country by an agreement with Japan, made in 1907 and commonly referred to as the "Gentlemen's Agreement." They are also excluded under the law of 1917 as being among those excluded at the time of the passage of the law by an arrangement with a foreign country, although the specific compact with Japan was not mentioned in the law. Japanese laborers exceeding five hundred in any year are also excluded from Canada, under an agreement with Japan. Here, again, the future of Russia creates uncertainty; and for the following reason. Japan is not a democratic country. She is absolutely governed by the Genro, a body of not over seven men, choosing its own successors. Neither the emperor nor the Parliament really counts. These seven men make their plans for many years ahead. Hitherto, the eyes of the governing body have been fixed on two things: the commercial supremacy of the Pacific, and the right to colonize in the Western hemisphere. But to these has been added recently another element,—a Monroe doctrine for Asia, of which Japan is to be the administrator, coupled with a free hand in leading the awakening of the East. Now if she can play the rôle which she aspires to in the peaceful penetration and development of China, Mongolia, Manchuria and perhaps Siberia, her attention may be turned in that direction for some time. Both England and the United States gave her a free hand during the war, partly in consideration of her services to the Allied cause, partly from the necessities of the situation. Before the war Japan was poor; now she is relatively rich. But she has not put her money into redeeming land for cultivation, although she is always complaining of pressure of population. She has instead doubled her army, and probably her navy. These things may assure her freedom of action in Asia, if Russia should for a long time be disorganized and helpless. On the other hand, if Russia should be rehabilitated speedily, and England be free to interfere, Japanese ambitions on the continent may be checked, and in that case she would concentrate on the other two points of her policy. It must be remembered also that at the present time there is little inducement for Japanese laborers to settle in Asia to compete with coolies who can live on two or three cents a day. They would much rather come to this country and underbid a wage of two

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or three a dollars day. Japan acquired Formosa twenty years ago; yet today there are only 120,000 Japanese there as compared with 3,000,000 natives. A similar situation exists in Korea.

But, while developing her scheme of the hegemony of Asia, Japan does not forget the other two principles of her policy. Commercial supremacy in the Pacific is practically already hers; and she means to keep it. And this leads directly to the third principle—that of colonizing in the Western hemisphere; for trade requires agents and immigrants in the various countries; and the steamship agents of Japan are no different from those of other countries, and would like to build up a large emigrant business. The campaign for the right of free immigration, apart from asking for it at the peace conference, which will be referred to later, takes two forms. First, colonizing in Central and South America wherever opportunity offers, with the idea of later exerting pressure upon North America. The relations between Japan and Mexico are close, and not entirely a dream in the brain of a futile Zimmerman. A case might arise in one of these southern countries where we should either have to assert the Monroe doctrine or abandon it. If we abandon it, the logic of uniformity would be invoked to change our policy as to oriental immigration to the United States.

The second form of propaganda consists in a direct agitation in this country to place Japanese immigration upon the same footing as that from other countries; and particularly to secure the right of naturalization. This agitation has been skilfully and vigorously directed. Able publicists, both Japanese and American, are engaged in the work. Churches maintaining missionaries in the East have been pressed into service, and they in turn have enlisted large numbers of philanthropists and social workers in the cause. The arguments employed are well set forth in a recent article by Mr. K. K. Kawakami, in the *Yale Review*. Some of the agitators, and many publications in Japan, even hint at the use of force if necessary; and it is known that the Philippine authorities organized for possible trouble in the early spring of 1914. A bill has been prepared, representing the views of the committee on oriental relations of the Federal Council of Churches in Christ, designed to put all immigration upon

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a percentage basis, and to abolish the special treatment of orientals. Organized labor is, however, unalterably opposed to permitting the economic competition of oriental labor; and the statesmen of the Pacific Slope are equally opposed to admitting Japanese, Chinese and Hindus on social and other grounds. Under certain conditions in Asia, no trouble is likely to arise: with other conditions there may yet be a war between the white and the yellow races. Meanwhile Japan, according to Mr. Uyehara, a member of the Parliamentary Commission which visited the United States two years ago, intended to ask at the Peace Conference for the right of free immigration to Australia, India, Canada and this country. Furthermore, she would like to have asked for the independence of the Philippines, and the neutralization of Hawaii. These last demands probably would have been makeweights, but were in line with the principle of Japanese hegemony of the Pacific.

Over and above these special perplexing questions remains the perpetual problem of a sound immigration policy. There are those who take account of racial differences, and who believe that the legislators of the present are trustees of the inheritance of our past for the benefit of future generations of citizens; and who do not wish to see extensive race substitutions in this country. On the other side, those who value present wealth created by cheap labor join hands with certain philanthropists who believe that all men are brothers and equally entitled to any part of the earth's surface.

It is often falsely said that this country was founded to be a refuge for men of all lands; yet even in the days of sparse settlement Washington, Adams, Jefferson and many others were strong in their demand for immigration restriction, and since 1882 it must be considered to have been the fixed policy of the nation. Under the present law, passed in 1917, thirty classes of persons are prohibited from landing, constituting from two to eight per cent of those applying for admission. It is, however, characteristic of this country that there has to be much more law on any subject than one expects to get enforced; and the lengthy enumeration of debarred classes does not prevent the entrance of most of the physically and some of the mentally defective, or of many

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who quickly become public charges in our hospitals, prisons and charitable institutions. Nor does the requirement that an immigrant must be able to read in some language, valuable as it is, prevent the entrance of those who remain aliens in mental outlook and traits of character.

The facts that immigration practically ceased when the War began, and that, in spite of the millions taken for warlike occupations, business went on with as little disturbance as it did, conclusively prove that the necessity of a million immigrants a year to keep our industries going is a myth. Undoubtedly, there is always a demand on the part of employers for labor willing to work at less than the current wage. But, if wages are to be kept down, how is the average citizen to progress in comfort and refinement, or indeed in consuming power? It must not be forgotten that every wave of inferior immigration to some extent sterilizes every stratum of our population above it; so that the question is not of adding new racial elements, but of substituting the new for the old. Indeed, many eminent economists agree that our population would be larger today than it is, if we had received no immigration since 1820; and, what is more important, that it would be more homogeneous in ideals and national spirit. For there is no shibboleth that can in a twinkling change a man's heredity. Neither naturalization, nor the expensive but very superficial "Americanization" campaign now going on, nor the public schools, can effect any fundamental change in a short time. This is well shown by the recent testimony of Capt. Trevor, formerly of the U. S. Military Intelligence Department, before the Senate Committee on Immigration. He pointed out that in every case centers of revolutionary and communistic agitation are found in the colonies of recent immigration. Everyone knows that many of those prominent in the Russian revolution had lived for a considerable time in New York. A number of agitators personally known to me are well educated, speak English fluently, and are entirely familiar with the Constitution and history of the United States. In this connection, I may say that the argument against the reading test, because it does not exclude persons of this sort, is quite illogical. It was never intended for this purpose. The reading test does exclude much of the ignorant

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material upon which agitators can best work, as well as many of the mentally and physically defective who might not be excluded under the express provisions dealing with such classes. But for dealing with the revolutionist other provision must be made.

I do not object to the "Americanization" movement in itself, although it is expensive. I doubt if it will be very successful in the case of aliens whose habits, ideals and historical background are different from ours. But I maintain that no plan of Americanization can or will succeed if a million new aliens come in every year; and I do object to its being used, as it frequently is, to draw attention away from the need of immigration restriction.

Still another favorite red herring of the anti-restrictionists is the matter of distributing immigrants. They say that the trouble is not that there are too many immigrants, but that they do not go to the right places. We have had a Division of Distribution in the Immigration Bureau for a number of years. It has spent a good deal of money and has accomplished very little. The alien wants to go where his friends are, and to the big centres where construction jobs are easier to get. It has been suggested that an alien should not be allowed to come in unless he agrees to go to a certain place. Well and good, but how are you going to keep him there? The city of Charleston some years ago imported a picked shipload of immigrants; within a few months not one could be found within the State. Of the Mexican laborers recently imported, under what is practically a peonage system, to do agricultural work for a certain time and then be returned to their homes, already over twenty per cent have disappeared, according to the *Report of the Commissioner General of Immigration*, so that they cannot be deported according to contract. It would require a Russian police system to enforce any permanent distribution of aliens. There is also some question as to the legality of favoring particular localities and trades in the matter.

Another suggestion often made is that matters would be much improved if inspection were made at the ports of emigration instead of at our ports. Assuming that inspection were equally efficient on each side of the water, the gain would be entirely that of the aliens and steamships. But the proposition assumes that the whole theory of our immigration laws since 1882 has been

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wrong. This theory is that the steamships, to avoid carrying inadmissible aliens back and the fines imposed for bringing them, will cause inspection to be made at the place where the ticket is sold. Counting in local agents, priests, teachers and returned immigrants, there are probably not less than 50,000 ticket agents in Europe. These men know the native dialects and often know the intending immigrants personally; and they execute our laws without expense to us. Further, the steamships have their own doctors to make a medical examination at the ports of embarkation, again without expense to us. Now it is obvious that an American inspector at Danzig knows no more about an immigrant from the interior of Poland than if he were in New York. We must therefore have inspectors in interior places. But where are we to get 50,000 or even 20,000 men who know the native dialects and are competent to inspect, at any wages we are likely to pay? And if inspection is often defective at our ports where we can watch it, what assurance have we that it will be any better thousands of miles away with almost no oversight? Many natives will certainly be employed as assistants, and our recent experiences with medical inspection in Italy show that these cannot always be depended on. But the conclusive argument against inspection abroad is that foreign Governments have always refused to allow it. It amounts to a species of extra territorial sovereignty engaged in taking their good citizens and leaving the defectives, delinquents and agitators. Why should the foreign Governments favor it? If they do not, political and trade considerations will probably always prevent our attempting to force them to sanction it.

In view of the foregoing, those who feel that we need some elbow room to work out our problems with regard to the aliens already here, are convinced that we should cut down substantially the annual total of immigration; and, further, that this cutting down should be done in such a way as to favor the races kindred to those which originally built up the country. Before the Civil War the population was almost entirely Nordic, and our political and social institutions were developed along the lines of the Nordic spirit. Today, perhaps a little over one-half our population is Nordic, while our immigration is almost entirely

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Alpine, Mediterranean, Semitic and Asiatic. If such immigration is allowed to come in at the rate of a million a year, the balance of race-stocks will be changed in a very few years.

The best plan in sight for cutting down the total number of immigrants and at the same time favoring the kindred Nordic races is that based on the natural capacity of the alien for assimilation. Such a capacity is indicated roughly by his desire to become naturalized, when this is voluntary, and not the result of what seems to the writer shortsighted and misguided zeal on the part of others to induce him to change his allegiance. A bill now pending in Congress[1] limits immigration from any country in any year to from twenty to fifty per cent of the natives of such country who were naturalized at the date of the last census. The exact percentage is to be fixed each year by the Secretary of Labor, with reference to labor conditions. The bill in practice would let in all who want to come from Western Europe, but would cut down the numbers from Eastern Europe and Western Asia. In 1914, under the maximum limitation, the effect of such a bill would have been as follows:

	Actually admitted	Admissible under bill
Northern and Western Europe.....	189,177	1,090,500
Southern and Eastern Europe.....	945,288	279,288

If the United States is to continue to stand for that which it has always represented, not only within its borders, but to the world at large; if it is to be protected from that preponderance of those who are foreigners, not only in name but in character, which as Le Bon says destroys a nation's soul, some such legislation should be speedily enacted.[2]

PRESCOTT F. HALL.

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[1] H. R. 10837, 66th Congress.

[2] Since this article was written, the Dillingham bill passed the 66th Congress by very large votes, and was pocket-vetoed by President Wilson. This limited immigration annually from any country to three per cent (with some exceptions) of the natives of such countries who were *residents* here according to the census of 1910. The three per cent in the Dillingham bill is nearly equal to seventeen per cent under the bill referred to above, as regards Southern and Eastern Europeans; but the bill based upon the *naturalized* would allow proportionally more Northern and Western Europeans to come in, and therefore, in the opinion of the writer, is a better bill. But either measure would be a long step in the right direction. The Dillingham bill will be introduced into the new Congress, and is likely to be speedily enacted.

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RELATIVITY AND LIFE

BY ELLWOOD HENDRICK

BEFORE we begin to discuss this subject, let us agree that we shall not attempt to imagine ourselves on a moving railway train, computing the velocity of a ball thrown from one end of a car to another,—or in any other place save where we are. We shall not attempt to make clear involved and intricate problems of cosmic physics to which Albert Einstein applied the principle of relativity. We shall not even pucker our foreheads over the details of Einstein's great work in regard to a subject that requires immense scholarship in mathematics and physics to understand; what we propose will be easy to comprehend. The difficulty lies in the doing.

Our present purpose is to discover whether this great principle may be applied to everyday life, which it is our business to study and to master as well as we can. The principle is simple; the word means just what it always has meant, just what we think it means, and what the dictionaries tell us it does. We understand the relativity of parents and children in a family, or of chairs about a dining table, or of persons and things to one another. When Einstein considered how all bodies in space are in constant motion and how they are all related to each other by the forces of nature he noted that they were all in greater or less measure in bondage to one another. Then he took the first step in the leadership of human thought when he resolved to determine the relations of bodies in space to each other, despite the fact that the relations never cease to change. He did it by his supreme genius in physics and mathematics, and by the same token he measured and compared, *quod erat demonstrandum*. We shall not attempt to follow him into those regions. Let us merely note that a dimension is not simply a line. A dimension is a measurement used for measurement. If we would know the dimensions of velocity, for instance, we must recognize them as

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distance and time. We cannot conceive of velocity otherwise. We shall soon find other dimensions besides lines in space and time.

I have said it is our obligation to study and master this business of living as well as we can. Let us see how far we have advanced in the art.

Of all our senses we cultivate only two: sight and hearing. Smell we neglect; touch we do not understand, and taste is a sense that responds to a few stimuli, such as sweet, sour, bitter, etc., while its more subtle responses are not taste at all, but smell.

Suppose we were as ignorant of the use of our eyes as we are of our noses. We should be unable to tell one another apart from appearance. Indeed, if someone were to say, "I can tell who you are by looking at you," we should declare the statement to be indelicate. Of course we should not be able to read or write; we might see the letters, but we should not know their significance, or we should assume printed pages to be vestiges of some primitive kind of a game or of the practise of idolatry by a race of people that, in our vanity, we should call inferior. We might even abstain from cultivating the use of our eyes on the ground that there are so many unpleasant things to be seen that it is better not to see them.

In short, we are only comparatively intelligent in that some have gone beyond the rest of us in seeing, hearing, and thinking, and in the exercise of fingers and hands. There is not a fully developed man or woman alive on the earth to-day. We have attributed qualities of divinity to a number of historical and mythical persons, but we have hardly had imagination enough to attribute to them sensory intelligence beyond our own. We are indeed only modified savages, and our understanding is very slow in growing.

The advances of later days, over which we have been inclined to boast, have been external rather than intrinsic; objective rather than subjective. We have increased conveniences and ease, we have acquired a great deal of uncorrelated information, but we have not improved our method of thought, our habits of mind, nor is it evident that we have improved in character for many generations.

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We do not know what consciousness is, but we seem to have two kinds of it: one of which is active and leads us, while the other kind is little more than the passive acknowledgment of facts that are, as it were, filed away and locked up outside our thinking apparatus. Such facts are tools of knowledge, out of use. But what I want to emphasize is that, with all respect for our learning and achievements, we still live in great darkness; our lights are very dim, and we have reached no more than half way to the understanding minds which we might possess if we were to do our best from generation to generation; if we had the art to find and the character and diligence to cultivate our hidden talents.

Just as every particle of matter is constantly changing in its relation to every other particle, so we are constantly changing in regard to one another. We are growing older, and changing in our structures. We are never for two minutes the same. But we still have another point to observe, and that is that every particle of matter has an ever-changing, but nevertheless a persistent relation to every other particle, and that, in like manner, we men and women have a persistent relationship to every other man and woman. This is an application of the principle of relativity to life instead of to cosmic physics. But whereas Einstein applied the theory definitively to cosmic physics and followed up his application by strokes of amazing genius in mathematical demonstration, we are merely expressing the hope that this may be done in regard to life. This present essay is a plea for study; it is not an achievement in research.

The mere concept of relativity, however, teaches us that there is no such thing as absolute freedom. Freedom itself is always relative. A wheel, for instance, may be free to revolve on its axis, subject to friction, but it cannot revolve sideways, nor is it free to go up and down. It is bound in relation to the axle. So are all bodies bound, and so are we bound in our relation to one another. We cannot get away from our bondage. If we run away from one place or community the bondage will attach somewhere else. We can never be free, because there is no such thing as absolute freedom. Freedom is always circumscribed, and always relative.

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Many have fought and died for liberty, but the rest of us have not held true to the faith. We have rested in liberty; we have not built the temple for future generations. While praying devoutly for our own privileges and ease and salvation we have let others go to the devil. We have called in the publicity man to advertise liberty and to preach it, and then we have let him go uncensored, which is always a mistake. The publicity man undertakes to get an idea into the public consciousness and to make it alive there, which is a legitimate occupation. But if we engage him to do this thing we must see to it that he does not change the idea in the process. There is his danger. His business is publicity first, and he turns to us to give him the facts and their relation to each other. If we do not pay attention he is likely to do some guessing. And his guessing, which is designed to arouse, is more than likely to lack the inspiration of truth. He changes the idea to make it easier for him to succeed with it. We have been very negligent of precision in our demands upon our silver-tongued orators. Now relativity calls for precision. For years and years, up and down this and nearly every other land, men have been preaching liberty with far more fervor than precision. They have let themselves go until they have lost sight of the dimensions of liberty; they have presented it as a function of rights, without thought of anything else; the only limitation they have put on it has been the objective one of indefinite liberty for all, while they have forgotten the subjective one of obligations. Now there are dimensions of liberty, just as there are dimensions of velocity, and the attempt to find them is an attempt to apply the doctrine of relativity. If we cannot conceive of velocity without the dimensions of time and distance, neither can we conceive of liberty without freedom, restricted though it be, and service. Let us call this our first analysis: that freedom and service are the dimensions of liberty.

A test example to prove this would be the rich young man who goes about seeking only his own pleasure, corrupting other youth and contributing no service whatsoever. Nevertheless he enjoys liberty. We shall imagine such a person to be the child of a man who achieved great wealth, and who, being gathered to his

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fathers, leaves that wealth to his son. When it is spent the young man must work or starve, or live on the services of somebody else. If the fruit of these services is given to him willingly then the recipient may proceed to enjoy his liberty, but if he takes these fruits without permission, we call the process theft, and our established organization of laws provides for the capture of the thief and for his imprisonment whereby he is deprived of his liberty.

Relativity thus in its demand for dimensions leads us to the fact that liberty is a two-dimensional concept, and that these dimensions are freedom and service. Even though we go to the woods and live wild, our freedom is restricted to the will of civilized humanity to come and use these woods when it needs them, and to drive us away or capture us, or kill us if we do not give way. We must produce something needed from these woods,—that is, we must render service—or we must leave. I do not know how to measure these dimensions of liberty, but let us admit that if they exist they are measurable. Our inability to measure them offhand does not make measurement impossible.

Relativity calls for greater precision in thinking. The value of the doctrine in life, as in physics, is its mathematical basis. Of course we cannot spend our lives with slates and pencils figuring consequences, but suppose we were to compute consequences much more than we do, would not this be a better world?

Quantitive thinking, indeed, is the first step, because, without it we cannot apply relativity. Judging by preponderance of evidence is an effort at quantitive thinking, and it is the best we can do, but relativity calls for more than this, and always for better than we can do. This is why it seems to me one of the great progressive doctrines of the ages. It is not expressed in the assertion that everything is, to a certain extent, relative. It calls for the resolution of that unknown factor of x hidden under the word, "certain," which means uncertain, into a known quantity. It calls for mathematics to apply relativity as it should be applied.

To return to the gospel of liberty, the orator and the publicity man in spreading it as they have amended it to make it easy, have threshed themselves into a frenzy about our privileges and our rights, but they have forgotten all about our obligations. Now

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our obligations are factors of relationship; we cannot run away from them, and in our hearts we know we cannot. In the face of this our cuttle-fish anger at others to hide our own shortcomings loses its weight as an argument. I wish we could get some publicity man to put that fact about our obligations and how they are bound to us, into a trumpet-blast! They continue in spite of all our shouting and boasting and wrath. They keep right on, while we call God to witness that we are doing our best while we are doing our worst. Relativity teaches us that we cannot guide ourselves by a single shibboleth, for even these are relative, and the watchword of to-day is not the watchword of to-morrow.

Is it not evident, then, that relativity as applied to life as Einstein applied it to cosmic physics, demands a new or at least a more advanced habit of thinking? It requires the analysis of our concepts into their component parts and the correlation and measurement of all the factors without fear or favor or precedent or vanity.

The doctrine indicates that ignorance in action is an offense against general welfare, because it appears that understanding is a dimension of conduct. Here I confess myself in deep water, because it is not clear to me at this writing what the other dimensions of conduct are. But let us postulate that what we call character is another dimension, and even though we despair at the measurement of understanding or of character, we shall find it worth while to consider these two dimensions in our studies of conduct. Then let us apply the theory to public affairs. Suppose a candidate for the post of engineer of public works of a State is to be selected. Under the plan of direct nominations this is done by vote of enrolled voters of a party. What do the citizens as a body know of engineering? Practically nothing. Of what value is their choice, then, made in ignorance? It is very low. What is the measure of their understanding of the requirements of the task? It is nearely zero. *Mere numbers of uninformed voters do not make for wisdom.* We know this, always have known it, and yet we have allowed our knowledge of it to become passive. The public works of the State are likely to suffer because the administrator is selected by blind guessing. Suppose

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a body of party delegates nominates a State engineer in convention. They are not engineers; they do not know the problems either, and their choice is little better, if any, than that of enrolled voters. The relation of these many minds to the concrete problem is nearly zero. Indeed, the lines of relativity of the many minds, whether they be delegates or enrolled voters, lead to the *performance of the work* of the State engineer, rather than to the *appointment of the man to do it.* The many minds can understand whether the work is well-performed or not, but they cannot predict how competent an unknown engineer will be. It would seem to be our business to plot the lines of relativity in regard to voting through problems of choice that the public *can* weigh and understand. It is wrong to plot these lines through anything else. A mere sense of the relations of things teaches us that it is not only folly, but defective government, to throw upon the public the burden of decision of questions which it cannot understand. The public has every right to call for the best, and the public can and will make its own decisions as to the character of general administrators, but to ask the public to decide what medicine a sick man should have, or what design should be adopted in building a great dam, or even who should draw the plans, is not real democracy at all. It is evading responsibility. It is passing the buck.

Suppose on the other hand the Governor appoints the State engineer. The Governor may not be an engineer, but he is supposed to be an intelligent man, and it is only the intelligent who know their own limitations. The stupid ones do not. And we must remember that the stupid ones all vote. The Governor is in a position to take advice from men of understanding and knowledge, and to make a good and competent appointment, because competent minds may be brought into relation with the choice. The threads of relativity are thus selected and brought into function. Relativity, therefore, seems to point to the wisdom of a short ballot, to a ballot that records our choice of representatives, and not to that curious illusion which is called pure democracy in which the public passes on every question. Representative government is government; blind guessing at answers to questions that we do not understand is not government at all;

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it is chaos, anarchy, a sedative for freedom while some unnamed despot rules us in spite of ourselves. The public can recognize and know character and intelligence if it will. It cannot be informed as to the learned professions. Vapid guessing by vote at questions not understood is mathematically incorrect, because the factor of understanding is left out of the formula. Another reason is that it provides only a method of trial and error, and since conditions are constantly changing we do not learn from error. The decision that is wrong to-day may be the very decision that will be right some day next year. Therefore progress is almost impossible from experience alone. The factors of intelligence and understanding must be brought into the process of government and the administration of affairs; otherwise we are bound to go backward rather than forward. And if the public does not know enough to elect competent and able and honorable representatives, then it not only does not know enough to govern itself, but it does not know enough to prevent the coming of a more competent people of another race to conquer and to rule. Here is an immense thesis on relativity in politics, and we can hardly do more than mention it in passing. If we had the habit of considering relativity in connection with persons and things; of thinking quantitively of causes and effects, and of plotting the lines of relativity, we should have different procedures and nominations and different kinds of elections. We should know that the requirement to perform most public service rests on some other talent than speech-making, which is our principal test of candidates at present.

Suppose psychologists were to develop a method of testing minds so that the conclusions were really reliable and it were possible to determine the relativity index of a man; to know in approximately what measure he is able to sense relations, to measure and compare them, and to deduce consequences in economics and in welfare from such computations. Suppose this could be actually determined and recorded. Then experience would teach us that to select a man with a low relativity index to administer the affairs of a State or a great city would surely be fraught with evil consequences. Our greatest cities are familiar with such experiences.

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Relativity confers a great distinction, but it also imposes a great burden upon citizenship. Herbert Spencer at one time thought that every man, woman and child should have the "right" to vote. Later he amended his doctrine, and concluded that children, after all, were incompetent to exercise the necessary judgment. In time he would probably have agreed with many others that the votes of a vast number of men and women are to be deplored, for the reason that they cannot discern consequences; as men and women they are too low in the scale of intelligence and character to sense their obligations, or even their advantages, beyond a few weeks or months.

Shall we then deny the office of voting to such men and women? There is no cure in that. We shall find the incidence of relativity in looking for our obligations toward them as fellow men and women. Suppose we deny to one half of the present voters the electorial franchise. Would they develop under the restriction? Probably not. They might deteriorate, as many have deteriorated, by the denial to them of decent surroundings and decent living, so that they cannot compute beyond next week or next month . . . so that sympathy is atrophied and good will destroyed, and they know no emotion beyond anger and hate. The lines of relativity lead right back to those men and women from us. We cannot dodge our obligations towards them. Enlightenment is a slow process, but without it progress is impermanent. We can make advances without it, but these advances are usually swallowed up and destroyed in the reactions against our own omissions.

Relativity does not make good simple and evil complex. It enlivens the fact we knew before, but passively, that progress calls for, not only our best, but the best of the best.

In the councils of labor where strikes are often declared which injure only the innocent, and in the councils of business as well, it is called a shrewd move to get an advantage over an opponent by close jockeying for position; as, for instance, by threatening to withhold the production of a necessary commodity without which mills must close down and men and women be thrown into idleness unless great sums are paid to those in power —whether in prices or by bribes does not affect the situation.

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If I can threaten you and you cannot threaten me I have an advantage, and can make you pay me well for my advantage of position. I may use you up and destroy you, you and your family and your associates in business. But by next week or next month somebody cleverer than I may do the same thing to me and mine. And so we may continue, with one person using up many others to his single advantage until we end in slavery or anarchy. Relativity teaches us to beware of this, and to consider character as a dimension of ability, if we would permit ability to guide affairs.

I cannot emphasize this point strongly enough. We *must* consider and compute the consequences of our acts, whether we know the persons affected or not. The law tries to provide for it, but we fall by far too short in the process. Relativity teaches us that we must be quicker in this sense, and that we must hold it alive and active in our minds.

It may be claimed that what I have been calling the requirement of relativity is merely a plea for goodness and morality, which has been taught by good priests and ministers of religion since the beginning of history. But consider the introduction of a new aspect of quantitive thinking. The vice of priestcraft has been in the acceptance of revelation as a definite and closed formula, and the consequent confusion of conformity with righteousness. I believe that the introduction of relativity into the Organization of Ideals—which is the main business of religion—would soon bring back the influence and authority of the enlightened priest and minister among men. This would mean the plotting of lines of relationship which bear upon ideals, and also their comparison and measurement. I admit frankly that in considering relativity as applied to life I have found myself drifting constantly over to its bearing upon ethics, but is not that after all the most important thing in the world to-day? Will any thoughtful person admit that we are free from the hazard of a complete breakdown of civilization from an epidemic of wrath? And how may we avoid such a breakdown better than by the quantitive computation of causes and effects?

Of course relativity is too big and too complex for us to work out its bearings in every detail. It would not be a gospel of

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progress if we could bring it into function by a mere twist o' the wrist. It starts as a generality, but if we follow it up it leads to precision, to definite dimensions, and to mathematics. When we have reached mathematical precision we have only begun, because we need this quality of exactitude in applied relativity, not only once, but every day. And the factors do change so continuously that every formula in regard to life must include many variables. There is no completion ahead to human achievement, neither can human welfare be a state of rest. This is as it should be, for it keeps us from complacency as to our achievements. Lafcadio Hearn once said to me, "What a dreadful thing it would be if everyone knew the complete and ultimate effects of his every act! I doubt if we could bear it." He was right; so far as we have developed ourselves we could not endure it. But we can endure a far greater consciousness than we exercise, and relativity teaches us this. The wise man computes consequences, and when he has done this he has practised relativity, although even approximate relativity has not yet been applied to human affairs, because we do not know enough. What we need is more of it, always leading to greater precision. We cannot get much into our heads at once, but there seems to be no limit to what we can feed in gradually. This slow assimilation of wisdom is the true method of progress.

Some of us are incapable of grasping the subject. Some of us cannot think otherwise than subjectively, fighting for our rights and our privileges, with no consideration of the effect upon the whole, upon society; demanding our rights and neglecting our obligations. In such instances the doctrine of relativity denies us our rights; for, without fulfilling our obligations the rights are not ours. There is no single and independent right. A right is a function of liberty which is circumscribed by its dimensions, of which one is service. Here again is an immense thesis which we can only touch upon in passing, but if rights emanate from service; that is, from services which we have rendered ourselves or which have been rendered by somebody else, is it not time we began to trace out the origin of rights, to sense them for what they are, to measure them, compare them and consider them? Rights do not grow wild, they are not free, and nearly every

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statute restricts them. If, then, rights are earned rather than inherited by birth, if they are derived from services rendered, then the rights of the child, as we call them, are not, properly speaking, rights at all, but rather our obligations. Here is another big thesis which we can merely mention, but I cannot avoid the query whether, if we fulfilled all of our obligations, all rights would not be conserved? Why discuss the rights of the child while we neglect our obligations toward him?

The profession of law in this country has for many years enjoyed the greatest distinction, but here, too, it is hard to find the functioning of relativity. Let us consider the shadowy nature of its presence in a trial at court. We may define the truth as a proper coördination of all the facts in adjustment with the factor of time. The purpose of a trial at court is the search for truth, and the publication of its findings. At court the search is divided into opposed angles of vision, and the effort itself is shifted into a fight, a duel of wits. Attorneys who are officers of the court are privileged to exercise the maximum of ingenuity to distort the order and arrangement of the facts so as to win a case. In the process, the truth may and often does fly out of the window before a decision is reached. Relativity teaches us that any distortion of the right order of the facts is an offense against the truth. Now we do not know what the right order, the right arrangement of the facts is, and a process at court is declared to be a search to find this very order from preponderance of evidence. But is not the alleged search a pleasant sophistry, so far as the attorneys are concerned? And are not they the only ones who do the seeking? Judge or jury render their decisions on admitted evidence, although the substance of the greatest activity and the most intense effort of the working officers of the court is to win the case rather than to find the truth. The judge often does his best, and the members of the jury try to get a common notion of the truth, but the apparatus seems defective as a means for seeking and finding it. It is the best we have, but common-sense would indicate that the greatest effort of the court should be toward the same result as its avowed purpose. The truth is subtle, hard to develop, and often hard to see. The decision rests in good part on the outcome of a fight instead

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of on the development of a diligent and sincere search. Therein lies its subtle fault. How to bring about improvement in the processes of law is beyond my grasp, but in better days these improvements may come. A more mathematical sense of the actual relations of things would help. It is greatly to be desired that the administration of law be developed to the achievement of such confidence of the people that revolutions may cease. Revolutions offer the most expensive road to advancement, and they do not even guarantee that advancement will be reached. We know this, but are we always conscious of it? If we knew that every fact were earnestly perceived in its relation to a decision, and that decisions were reached by careful appraisal and measurement, we should have greater confidence, and revolutions would be less likely to occur.

Is there, then, no concrete definition of relativity? I am afraid not. We might call it a living concept of relations that are, but with this we must bring to mind the ever changing nature of the whole. I can hardly imagine a party or society of relativists with a constitution and by-laws. The best constitution known is that of the British Empire, and it has never been written. Therein is its great merit. Relativity reaches so far beyond our present habit of thought that efforts at definition would be likely to circumscribe it.

Relativity, in conclusion, is a method rather than a thing, and it calls for a higher standard of intelligence than we are in the habit of even seeking to achieve. But it teaches us something that is not hard to learn if we look for it. It teaches us our obligations. And if we recognize these we shall find ourselves along the road that leads to the higher intelligence, the greater understanding and the more abundant life.

ELLWOOD HENDRICK.

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IN A BALKAN CAPITAL

BY HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG

LIÈGE—Verdun—Belgrade: a triumvirate in martyrdom and in honor. I read to-day that the Serbian capital, twice bombarded by the Austrians, twice captured and pillaged, had been awarded by France the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor. She takes her place with her sister cities which in the first years of the war showed the world how to die, but, dying, to stand firm in defiance of the enemy.

I saw Belgrade first across the Danube from Semlin very early on a winter morning when the Austrians and Magyars had been gone only a few weeks from the city, after holding it for three years. Patches of snow covered the tumbled debris and capped with white the mounds and ragged bits of wall that marked where the old Turkish quarter had formerly stretched along the river-front. The ruins of an ancient European town are very different from the remains that one sees after a fire in a modern iron-and-concrete American city. The masonry and plaster simply crumple up in a disconsolate mass, with only here and there a protruding wall or strange-shaped chimney to mark the work of some old mason who builded better than his fellows.

Only one of the former fleet of Danubian river-ferries was then in commission, the others having been disabled by the Austrians when they were finally forced to flee northward in the fall of 1918 before the armies of Mishitch, the Serbian Voivode, and his French allies. They left in such a hurry that they did not get all the loot available, for although they had been in possession of Belgrade so long, they had not stripped it of its more bulky treasures, being quite convinced that they were to remain there as masters forever and convert it into an Austrian city. Then, when the Allied force came sweeping up from Saloniki in unexpectedly rapid jumps, the Austrians only had time to load the loot on barges and ferries; they did not have a chance to unload it on the

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opposite shore, and consequently the Serbians regained part of it when they arrived, including several barge-loads of pianos. There were over six hundred of these pianos, practically all that Belgrade had owned. The fleeing Austrians had had time to sink some of the barge-loads of spoil which they were forced to abandon, but part was still on board the nondescript craft moored along the Semlin wharves or stuffed into the old water-front storehouses. There it remained for some months, despite the great shortage of household goods across in Belgrade, for there were more serious problems for the new Jugoslav Government to handle than sorting over this great mass of ownerless property.

A week or so afterwards, when my wife and I discovered an enormous grand piano in the house which we rented in Belgrade, we became possessed of about the only one remaining in the city. It was a colossal affair (I think it must have been built on that very spot for some giant performer), and evidently the Austrians had found it at the last minute too big to get out by any door or window. The picture of luxury called up by mention of the fact that we had a grand piano, however, is quite misleading, for in all the rest of the twenty-four rooms which our house boasted there was not, when we moved into it, another stick of furniture of any description except for a broken operating-table and several cases of detonating fuses!

To go back to Semlin. All the Danube ferries save one having been sunk or maimed, the early morning trip of the surviving craft was a popular event. It had been built to carry maybe two hundred persons. But just as the only train arrived each day carrying its load on the tops of the cars, on the running-boards, and squeezed in precariously on the couplings, so the ferry was loaded down until every spot except the top of the old ramshackle funnel was plastered solidly with humanity. It was a fearful crowd, wonderfully arrayed,—peasants in dilapidated costumes that had once been models for the "local colorists" of many a *Chocolate Soldier* production,—soldiers, Serbian, but dressed in the uniforms of every army under the sun, including that of the former crack Hapsburg regiments, minus only the insignias of rank,—farmers from the Roumanian shore down the river, in conical sheep-skin hats and extraordinary concoctions of frayed

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coats and untanned leather trousers,—and chocolate-skinned gipsies, their black hair hanging in strings about their faded calico and linen dresses, shoeless, though it was a bitter winter morning just following the heaviest snow of the season. Part of this motley crowd were bound for the city market to sell some last remainder of a herd of goats or a sack of potatoes; the rest were making their way back to homes in the south from which they had been deported by Austrian orders. Accompanying the latter was a great accumulation of household gear,—battered tin kettles, bits of stove-pipe with a chicken or two stuffed in the top, bundles of frayed comforters and sacking tied up with forlorn harness,—all the junk which destitute persons, returning to desolated homes after exile in a foreign land, might be expected to cling to with passionate faith in its value and usefulness.

As the boat neared the Serbian side of the river this jam of man and beast managed in some miraculous manner to break up into groups and to move about. Squirming babies escaped from their parents and were screamed after and pursued through the tangle of legs and among the goats and chicken-coops. Orders were shouted by several officers in as many languages at the man supposed to be steering the boat. He managed to retain control of his faculties, however, and by some heavenly guidance brought the careening old craft into collision with the shore in the general neighborhood of the place where its arrival was awaited.

We landed amid universal pandemonium, and trudged up the hill through deep snow in search of the hotel which we deluded ourselves into thinking might still be functioning after four and a half years of war. An old Baedeker "starred" one hotel, the Moscow, and spoke of another, the Grand, "with a glass dome and sun-parlors." The Moscow we found with its side caved in, doorless and windowless; it stood empty and staring at us from a hundred vacant eyes through all the months of our stay in the city. The Grand had only had its roof and top floor removed by a bomb, but this accident had left the remaining tier of bedrooms without any ceilings, and the proprietor contented himself with running a restaurant on the ground floor, where some tarpaulins and sacking took the place of the former stained-glass dome.

This landlord who had no hotel turned out to be a genial and

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talkative person. Moreover, he talked in English, for he had lived in New York once, where he had been employed as chief "bouncer" at Terrace Garden. He was eager to converse of Harlem and the Pabst Casino and the pleasures of Brighton Beach, and in return for the opportunity to air his knowledge gladly offered us assistance in the difficult matter of finding a roof to cover our heads. With his aid, and, more important, that of the American Minister (who had arrived a few days earlier with the Serbian Government from its exile in Corfu), we found a place where there actually was hot-water, food, and a steam-heating plant, though a frost-bitten one. This haven was—a hospital! We felt this to be exactly the place we needed, after six days and nights consumed in making the trip up from Trieste which normally should take only twenty hours,—days of argument with railroad officials who did not see any necessity of running trains, nights spent in railway stations or in windowless compartments of cars stranded on some siding while the engineer and his engine were off searching for enough coal or wood to haul us on to the next town. We were about ready for a hospital, and we rejoiced greatly at finding a friendly one which consented to take us in.

I will not attempt to describe minutely the aspect of Belgrade in the first days of our stay there, any more than I can tell in this brief account the details of the heroic defense of the city against the invaders in 1914 and again in 1915, or the strategy of the Serb commanders which, combined with the unconquerable spirit and hardihood of the peasant soldiery, kept at bay Austro-Magyar-German forces three and four times the strength of the defenders. I must, however, speak of Field-Marshal Zhivoyin Mishitch, who not only was responsible for the decisive operations at Rudnik in December, 1914, as a result of which the Austrians under Portiorek were driven headlong from Serbia with a loss of over 40,000 prisoners, but who later was the chief hero of the astonishing resurrection of the Serbian nation, the man who led the Serbian armies through the valley of defeat to the heights of victory.

Mishitch was invariably spoken of by his countrymen, as well as by their kinsmen across the Danube whom he helped free from the Hapsburg yoke, simply as the "Voivode"—"The Leader of

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the People,"—an old title of medieval Serb leaders which was revived to do honor to modern commanders. The Voivode died just the other day at Belgrade. Though his name was so little known on this side of the Atlantic that the papers ignored his death, it is proper to recall that he was one of the really great captains of the war, one of that small group of men who decided its course and at last made sure the common victory. Almost the first of that little group to die, his name should not so soon be forgotten.

Anyone who chanced to know Mishitch in every-day peace-time life would doubtless have found difficulty in visualizing him as a great leader of men. He was so unassuming and mild that one imagined the stories of his indefatigability and inspiring bravery and canny strategy in the field must have sprung up out of the native love of the Serbs for a mythological hero rather than from anything he himself had done. But no error could have been greater. Mishitch's modesty and kindliness covered an iron will. His great tactical talent was the admiration of the Allied soldiers with whom he was associated. And of all the Allied leaders it was he whom the British Government chose first to reward with the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George as well as knighthood in the Order of the Bath. As he received the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, the Croix de Guerre with seven palms (and, incidentally, he was prouder of that than of any of his honors), and a dozen other of the most exalted decorations, there seems to have been plenty of recognition in military circles of his standing among the commanders of the Great War. Such rewards and honors, however, are superfluous evidences of his genius. The real evidence is to be found in the actuality of the free state of Jugoslavia, toward the creation of which he contributed so much.

I met Voivode Mishitch the day after our arrival in Belgrade, and saw him frequently during the difficult interim that ensued. Peace had been declared to exist, but no evidences of it had made their appearance. The minds of the soldiers and government officials who had just returned to their desolated country-side and wrecked villages were still filled with memories of the bitter days of the slow retreat southward which had ended only after the

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terrible Albanian mountains had been crossed and the remnants of the army—the "Army That Can Never Die"—were gathered sadly at Corfu.

It was at that moment of despair in Corfu that Mishitch began a task which to everyone, Allied advisers included, seemed all but impossible of fulfilment. Taking those disconsolate battered fragments of an outmatched army, those exiles who had seen their homes over-run and destroyed and who feared that few of their relatives could have escaped butchery, those weary refugees who only by some lucky chance had escaped the death from disease and famine and cold which had overtaken most of their comrades, he set to work to recreate out of them a fighting force. None but those hardy mountaineers, inheritors of a precarious existence and inured to the hardships and sufferings of incessant warfare with Turk and Austrian and Magyar, could have responded to such a call; and no one but a man of iron determination like the Voivode would have dared suggest it. Three months after he had begun his work the first reconstructed fighting units of the Serbian Army began arriving at Saloniki and taking over a share of the Macedonia front.

It was a miracle, British and French observers said, and it was Mishitch who worked it.

Thoughts of these years of exile and hardship filled the minds of those who began straggling back to Belgrade as soon as the Armistice was declared. It was a difficult and uncertain time for the new Jugoslav state. There was the harassing knowledge that revengeful or ambitious neighbors kept watch from every side for first signs of disunity and internal discontent. To the north were the Austrians and Magyars, traditional enemies of the Slav; to the east were the Bulgars, whose entry into the war in 1915 on the side of the Central Powers had been the last straw that broke the Serbian back; to the west were Albanian komitadji bands and Montenegrin royalist hangers-on who were only too ready to make themselves the instruments of Italian intrigue. Amid these uncertainties, and a hundred equally disconcerting internal problems, the Jugoslav Government was attempting to consolidate its position, centralize authority over the new districts, restore communications, build up normal economic processes, and

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reorganize the army so that some of the older and more worn veterans might be released from service.

Most of the Serbian soldiers who marched up the long winding Shumadya road that leads into the capital from the south—one of the most ancient roads in all Europe, trodden almost continuously through the centuries by the feet of victorious invaders and weary captives—had been in the field, away from their homes and families, for five, six and even seven years. They were desperately anxious for demobilization and a chance to find out who of their relatives were still alive and whether any part of their little farms had escaped the destruction spread broadcast by the invaders from the north. Their discontent when they discovered that they were not even yet free of their enemies, that there might very possibly be still more fighting to be done, was natural but none the less dangerous. Without a strong man like Mishitch at their head, a man, moreover, who had their affection as well as their admiration and obedience, the Serbian troops, having proved the saviors of their country might easily have become a menace to it. Confusion and discontent were gaining ground in various parts of the country as it became evident that peace, even though better than war, was not to bring back at one leap all the supplies of food and clothes and lodgings which had so long been lacking. But such was the loyalty of the army to the leader who had brought them back in triumph to their country, that in spite of delay in demobilization and in spite of the lack of uniforms and the absence of almost all essential military supplies, there was never any real doubt that the young Government could depend on the integrity and faithfulness of its armed forces. It was enabled to deal firmly with discontented elements at home and present a united front to jealous neighbors abroad, and finally to bring comparative order out of chaos.

Belgrade itself was a forlorn place when we arrived, without light, with only occasional trickles of water, with scanty and strange supplies of food, with no coal, and with only such wood as could be brought in to town on ox-carts for sale at fabulous prices. Even this high-priced wood could be obtained only with the greatest difficulty, and when one heard the creaking of ungreased cart-wheels outside the window one tore out to see if a load of

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wood were going by and if so whether it could be bought for any sum.

The office where Voivode Mishitch carried on all his business and where he could be found from seven in the morning until late at night, was probably unlike that of any other commander of a European army. As is the case with all Belgrade buildings (and the barn-like structure which housed the Voivode and his aids was one of the most substantial in the city) the Staff Headquarters was made of putty-colored stucco and plaster, and as it was placed below the level of the street, the lower floors were damp and retained their primitive smells and vapors to a degree unusual even in Serbia. The Commander-in-Chief's room was reached by means of a dark, windowless corridor, paved with uneven bricks and flanked by black wooden doors opening into cubicles where the members of the General Staff had their offices and where their orderlies, to judge by the air and the crumbs on the floor, ate and slept at night.

Like his predecessor, Putnik, the hero of the first part of the war in the Balkans, Mishitch liked a room with the most terrifically high temperature. I think it was usually kept at about eighty degrees. After five minutes' conversation with the Voivode in that oven one's brain began to reel, one's eyes to water, and the walls, hung with their large-scale staff maps, went dancing off in hazy wiggly lines. He sat at an enormous unvarnished wooden table, piled high with maps and documents, the latter written out laboriously in long-hand, as is the case with practically all communications in the Serbian army, where typewriters and field-clerks are as unknown as quadruplicate requisition blanks and vouchers and ten-page "endorsements through channels." The Voivode's movements were quiet, and he sat very still while conversing. It is highly improbable that his eyes were blue, as I remember seeing few Serbians with blue eyes; the impression that they were is possibly the result of his grey hair and ruddy cheeks, which one usually associates with eyes of that color. I can see the old fellow now, wreathed in the smoke of the cigarettes which he smoked incessantly, and which (to salve his conscience for disobeying the doctor) he always announced that he used *très très rarement.*

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With the death of Voivode Mishitch, Serbia loses one of her most striking and, to my mind, one of her most useful leaders. His main work was, indeed, accomplished, in that the tasks ahead of the new state of Jugoslavia are now economic and political rather than military. His mere presence in the capital, however, was in the nature of a call to patriotic unselfishness, a reminder of the dangers and difficulties through which the Serb people had passed before achieving unity and freedom. With him passes one of the outstanding figures of Serbia's most heroic age; and we have broken one chief link with the greatest war of history.

Despite its heritage of crime, despite the opportunities for fresh crime presented at every turn, Belgrade was an extraordinarily well-behaved place. As I have said, it had been occupied for three years by an alien invader, who had pillaged the houses and shops and terrorized the inhabitants. It had been a mecca for all the secret agents and propagandists and general riff-raff that follow in the wake of an army. Even those houses which had not been utterly wrecked had been broken into and then deserted, with doors smashed in and belongings strewed about in the wildest confusion. Yet only once while we were in Belgrade did I hear of any robbery of importance, and there were no acts of violence of any sort. It was absolutely safe to walk about the pitch-black streets at any hour of the night. One was not molested either by bandits or by over-zealous guardians of public order. Occasionally after dark one met small patrols of soldiers from the garrison over in the old fort that juts out above the confluence of the Danube and the Save Rivers, but they were not forever making burdensome demands to see the identification papers of passers-by, as was the habit in most European cities at that time. This city of the Balkans, famous in fable and comic-opera song as the haunt of brigands and desperados, pictured in the story-books as teeming with bandits with belts stuck full of daggers, was safer than any of the capitals of western Europe and certainly safer than New York to-day.

I can account for the good behavior and sobriety of Belgrade under such disorganized circumstances only by the character and spirit of its citizens. They had known the heel of the oppressor, they rejoiced exceedingly to be able to call their souls their own;

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determined to give an example of earnestness and patriotism to the rest of the country, they kept their city safe and calm when the big cities of nations which proportionately had known only a tithe of Serbia's rigors of war were in a state of riotous anarchy and crime. Belgrade is a dull little place to outward view, not in the least mysterious or exciting or gay. But a city cannot be for years, as Belgrade was, the centre of a great nationalistic and spiritual awakening without making that cause part of its own daily life. It is possessed by that spirit which has made the Serbs, perhaps of all the peoples of Europe, the most jealous of freedom, the most determined to control their own destinies free from the political or economic domination of other nations. Belgrade stands for the soul of Serbia. She has been well chosen by France to receive the salutations which one heroic state addresses to another when the common victory has been won.

HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG.

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THE IMMORTALITY OF MAN

AN INTERPRETATION

BY REV. PHILIP S. MOXOM

In the Christian mind, belief in immortality is intimately associated with the belief in the resurrection of Jesus, which is an original and permanent element of the Christian creed. But belief in immortality antedates the fact, whether objective or subjective, of Jesus' resurrection, and, while not dependent on it, is in many minds greatly strengthened by it.

I raise the question of the resurrection of Jesus here, not to use it as an argument, but to remark that the now fixed disposition to associate that transcendent fact with the general idea of immortality is significant, though the naïve gospel stories of Jesus' bodily reappearance have less weight as evidence than in the past. This does not militate against belief in human immortality. If a friend who has died impresses himself upon me in recognizable ways as still living and influential, so that conviction of his individual persistence in being becomes absolute in my mind, it does not matter whether there be any physical reappearance or not. Indeed, a physical and tangible reappearance might confuse my belief by raising a doubt as to whether the death had not been a semblance instead of a reality. Passing from the physical through death to the physical again is no advance in life; the true advance is from the physical to the spiritual. The fatal weakness of "spiritualism" is its professed materializations. These stamp it as a reactionary rather than a progressive faith and as contradicting the logical ascent of life. If there were reason that Jesus should resume his physical body, there would seem to be reason that he should have continued in it. But this would have obstructed the revelation of the spiritual life which humanity most of all needed. That man must die is no essential contradiction of life. Death is as clearly in accordance with nature as

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birth. When the physical cycle is complete it ends, not in extinction but in the beginning of a new cycle. Life passes on from the one to the other and thus mounts from stage to stage and from form to form.

However the early Christians may have conceived the resurrection of Jesus, however crude may have been the fancies in which they embodied their faith, the vital element in that faith was their conviction of the persistence of Jesus as a living personality on a new and higher plane of power and of relation to themselves. He had risen out of the limitations which necessarily invested him while in the flesh. Instead of being local and temporal he had become universal and eternal.

The essential element in our belief in his resurrection is not that Jesus resumed the physical life, but that he lives in the spirit and is henceforth the contemporary of every soul and of every age, existing *sub specie aeternitatis*. When we think of our loved ones who have died, especially of those who had reached a ripe age and had sunk under the burden of years and the process of physical decay, we do not believe or wish to believe that they can or should come back to us in physical form as we knew them; but we wish to be assured that they live in the spirit, and this is the essence of our belief in their immortality. We think of them also as existing *sub specie aeternitatis*, invested not with the earthly but with a heavenly form, finding life's fulfilment in the liberation and exaltation of personality, and thus realizing in their experience the advance in life which the resurrection of Jesus reveals as the proper sequent of earthly existence.

In the Christian belief in immortality there are two elements of especial significance. One is its firm grasp of conviction as to the persistence of personal identity; the other is its instinctive and indissoluble association of the future life with moral character. In a true sense, from the Christian point of view, immortality is a moral achievement. The supreme end of discipline in this earthly life is the development of moral personality.

It is a great misfortune that much religious teaching has separated so widely "the life that is to come" from "the life that now is." The future life, if we conceive one at all, must be not another life so much as it is a continuance of this life on a higher plane.

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The processes of mental and moral activity must go on inasmuch as they are constitutive qualities of personality.

A question often asked is, "After death will there be mutual recognition of one another by kindred and friends?" The answer to this question depends on the answer to the question, "Does one live at all after death?" In discussing it now I shall hold myself closely to that phase of it already indicated, namely, the preservation of personal identity through and beyond physical dissolution. I do this because so many, confronted by the mystery of death and oppressed by the power of the senses over the imagination, sink into deepening doubt. Human love is so mingled with sensuous passion and clings so tenaciously to its visible and tangible objects, that the passing of the soul from the body seems to be the absolute passing away of the individual life. Unconsciously they identify reality with materiality, and when the latter dissolves the former seems also to vanish. Even when belief in spirit survives, it is often so vague that the sense of personality is weakened and the individual is lost in the totality of being.

It is evident that recognition after death depends on the preservation of personal identity. If you are not you, after death, of course I shall not know you; strictly speaking there will be no I and you. What reasons have we for believing that the continuity of personal existence is uninterrupted by death?

First, then, immortality involves the persistence of personality; it is not mere post mortem existence. The soul cannot be dissolved into a vague essence which somehow is absorbed into the vast whole of being. Life in the highest sense is of the soul; it is the activity of intelligence, sensibility and will and these, cohering in selfconsciousness, constitute personality. Self-consciousness is essential to personality and personality is essential to moral existence. The sense of selfhood is the persistent witness to the reality of our personal being, running through all our experiences and giving them unity and meaning. It has been affirmed that in man there is no persistent ego, but only a succession of states of consciousness which have no vital continuity. But this is absurd in view of the obvious truth that there must be something which has these states of consciousness. That

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something, as Dr. Thomson, in his *Brain and Personality*, has so clearly shown, is the soul which is conscious of itself and of its multifarious experiences, fusing them into the continuity of a personal life.

The facts contributed by mental physiology on the relation of brain to mind show, not that brain produces mind, but that mind produces brain, that is, develops it into the organ of mind. The brain at birth is material which the mind shapes into the complicated instrument by which the elementary powers of sight, hearing, speech and purposeful action are developed into capabilities of distinguishing and discriminating colors, distance, the significance of sounds; of articulating words and coördinating them into the intelligent expression of thought, emotion and purpose. Different areas of the brain, and these in only one lobe, are set apart and developed for specific uses. What develops these? The inference is irresistible that an entity, an embryonic personality, acts on the brain and creates its functional capabilities. "The brain of man does not account for man"; on the contrary, man accounts for his brain. He fashions the brain into the facile instrument by which he acquires knowledge, develops power of expression, and fulfils his various functions in the vast and complex organism of human society.

By developing the brain area which is the instrument of memory and by the purposed exercise of memorizing habit he knits up his life into one whole. Thus we are bound to all our past. I am I, the same I that thought and felt and spoke as a child, that planned and strove and hoped and despaired and sinned and suffered as a man. When I cease to be I, with the full content of the ego, I cease to exist. Thus every man testifies to his persistent selfhood.

There are apparent exceptions to this, cases in which men lose consciousness or even pass for a time into a new and different consciousness. The record of such may be found in current books on psychology and kindred subjects. But these cases confessedly are exceptional and abnormal; they witness to the dependence of the psychical life on an organism for manifestation and expression. Perhaps also they indicate a largeness of the soul and a scope of inherent capabilities which for most persons lie outside

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the realm of present verifiable knowledge. In this world, so far as we know, the soul or mind is dependent on a body somewhat as a musician is dependent on a musical instrument and in much the same way. But, as shattering the instrument or changing it does not annihilate the musician, so we may reasonably believe that destroying or modifying the physical organism does not annihilate the soul. Further, through all the varying phases of experience, even with temporary interruptions of the continuity of consciousness, personal identity abides.

With the persistence of self-consciousness the desire for continuance of life also persists. The desire for immortality, which is a practically universal characteristic of human nature, is a desire for personal existence through and beyond death. It has been said that the desire for personal existence after death is selfish. If this were true it would have no special bearing on the fact, but it is not true. It is no more selfish to wish to live hereafter than it is to wish to live tomorrow or to live at all. An over-refined and morbid ethicism tells us that we should be satisfied with the years, whether few or many, that are allotted to us here; but years do not constitute life. *Sat est vixisse*—it is enough to have lived—is not the verdict of the soul on mere longevity but on experience. Real life is greatness of experience, and greatness of experience does not extinguish, it stimulates and increases, the appetite for life.

On the other hand, when we consider life from the viewpoint of character, or the moral quality and powers of the soul, the desire for personal existence after death instead of being selfish becomes a noble aspiration, an exalting passion; it is a desire for life's fulfilment, the attainment of a state in which the prophetic hints of spiritual experience here shall be realized. The contrary desire, the desire to sink and die and end all thought and effort, may be selfish and cowardly. The brave soul wishes to live and to experience all that even eternal life may bring.

In the second place, the loss of personal identity, besides being the loss of existence for the individual soul, would involve a reversal of the whole process of creation or its termination in futility and failure. As Coleridge long ago suggested, the whole world of life exhibits a struggle toward individuality. Individu-

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ality develops toward, and finally, in man, develops into, personality. The selfconscious moral person is the climax of the creative or evolutionary process. Thenceforth the process continues in the development of the person. The farther life advances the fuller and the more sharply defined is the personality. Common men, like savages, are much alike; great men draw apart from the mass of mankind by force of an intensified individuality, as lofty mountains, in proportion to their height, separate themselves from the continental mass of rock and earth. The best, that is the most developed, man is the most of a person; yet really great persons are not separated from their kind, from even the humblest. On the contrary, by their widened intelligence and enlarged capacity for sympathy they are more perfectly joined to all mankind. But they are distinguished from the crowd by elevation and fineness and power of personality. The loss of this developed personality would seem to be the utter failure of the divine purpose and process by which life had been brought to such consummate flower and fruit.

Man has just begun greatly to be man, and life is just beginning to open up its marvellous possibilities along the line of spiritual growth and achievement, and lo! the sudden end is a lapse of all this glorious promise and of the glorious person, man, the conscious child of God, into the gulf of nothingness. So far as we can see, such an end would stamp the universe as an insoluble riddle, a riddle putting the moral sense as well as the reason to hopeless confusion.

The preservation of personal identity alone preserves the priceless results of the educational process of life. Man carries in himself the long result of time. If personality perishes there is no perceptible meaning in the severe discipline by which he is trained and purified and unfolded into beauty and force of character. Character, the finest product, the only durable product, of time is lost with the loss of personality. Man has character; it is his quality; it is the stamp of the die on the metal which makes it coin; it is the impress of the multiplex forces which have wrought within and upon him throughout his experience—the forces of knowledge, of endeavor, of trial, of love, of resolution, of aspiration, of suffering and of hope. But he *is* a personality;

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his personality is himself, the perdurable noumenon beneath all phenomena. Only by the continuance of that can the precious result of long experience be preserved. Man's life is a story begun and carried on toward sublime meanings and suddenly interrupted, inanely left unfinished, if he cease to exist.

In the third place, the development and discipline of society, that perfection of the race which is the cherished dream and aspiration of all noble minds, the ideal toward which humanity continuously though often blindly gropes—the kingdom of God—involves the perpetuity of the social units, and these are persons. Society is not mere mass, an aggregation of unindividualized particles; it is a cosmos, an ordered and vital union of intelligences and wills established in permanent moral relations. If the individual perishes society perishes.

Even in this world the influence of character, that is, the influence of persons, persisting though they die, prevents human existence from being a mere succession of transient generations, mere waves following each other in endless sequence without even the unity of a sea. Society is created by personalities; it is perpetuated and led on to higher levels of thought, feeling and achievement by personalities. There is thus a demonstrable immortality of these in the ongoing life of mankind. If they cease to be, even the semblance of society must cease to be with the end of earthly existence. Thus human history becomes a prophecy without a fulfilment, a drama without a *dénouement*, a beginning without completion, and creation itself issues in failure.

If we consider the last two points in their mutual relations it becomes evident that the perfection of the individual person and the perfection of society alike require the continuance of personal identity; for the unit is necessary to the whole and, in moral beings, loss of identity is loss of being.

The two words which most accurately express the spirit and purpose of right life in the world are *culture* and *service*, but the reasons and motives which underlie both culture and service are maintained in permanent validity and vigor by the soul's deep conviction of life's unbroken continuity. There is no culmination, no true end, here. Man never perfectly fulfils his highest idea of culture nor absolutely achieves his highest ideal of service,

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He ever aspires, and his noblest attainments and ministries are only prophetic of what he will become and do.

In view of all these considerations, is it not just to say that the burden of proof is on him who denies the continuance of personal identity after death? His only ground is the nature of matter, and that does not support his contention. The body decays and dies and, in the realm of sense, the soul has no instrument through which to express itself to beings dependent on sense perception. Hence he argues that the soul has perished. But the same argument would make sleep or any other form of temporary unconsciousness destructive of personal identity. It is a daily experience that he who wakes in the morning is the same person who fell asleep at night. Is it an incredible assumption that he who falls asleep in death will wake the same person into the life beyond? So, at least, by many converging lines of probability we are lead to believe. He who denies this cumulative probability, amounting to moral certainty, must prove the contrary or at least show as strong an improbability. This no one from Plato down has been able to do, and the inability rises from the fact that the denier takes account of only one phase of human experience, and that the narrower and least significant phase.

I turn now to what has been designated as "the Biblical argument." This is confined almost entirely to the New Testament, and a considerable part of it is purely inferential. When we look for explicit statements we do not readily find them. Like the being of God, the persistence of the soul, that is, the personality, is assumed, but the entire message of salvation rests on that assumption. It is this which gives meaning and weight to much of Jesus' practical teaching. This gives inspiration and scope to faith and hope. This lifts righteousness from a temporary and utilitarian morality into a permanent regimen and discipline of the will. This transforms love from a fleeting passion into an eternal and progressive experience and activity of the soul. The promises and warnings which point to the future have significance and can have validity only on the basis of personal immortality.

Certain critical moments in the experience of Jesus witness powerfully to a sense of such relation to God as only his participation in a life independent of time and death can adequately

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explain. Such experiences in less degree appear in the lives of others. There are moments when the soul seems to burst its investiture of clay and to realize immortality through conscious participation in the eternal life of God.

More striking and to many persons more significant is the fact of Jesus' resurrection. I have already spoken of the transcendent nature of this fact as belonging in the sphere of spiritual rather than of sense perception, and I revert to it now because it is central among the phenomenal intimations of immortality in the New Testament. Jesus rose from the dead: so the faith and the consciousness of the earliest Christians reported. He who died was alive, whether in the body or out of the body matters not now. The disciples, at first not only incredulous but even hopeless, yielded to evidence which invaded and mastered, not merely their senses, but their minds. They felt anew the presence of the radiant personality. It was not the marks of nails and spear that convinced them, though a late report speaks of these; it was himself that awakened their dead faith to a fresh and permanent life.

Readers of the gospels often fail to realize the nature and force of Jesus' self-manifestation to the disciples. They linger over naïve and contradictory reports of the scene on the way to Emmaus, and again in the upper room where the doubt of Thomas had its dramatic removal. But these have no weight compared with the evidence which streams from the transformed characters and the heroic labors and the invincible confidence in a living Lord of these founders of Christianity. Paul had no tactual manifestation of the risen Jesus, yet it was his clear and unswerving faith in the resurrection which made him, more than all the others and next to Jesus himself, the chief founder of Christianity. To him the immortality of Jesus and his continued presence in the world were the ground and guaranty of his whole gospel.

It is a startling but inevitable reflection that the loss of personal identity in death would be the loss of Jesus to humanity, save as he survived in the meager record of his life and teaching. If he who rose from the dead and thus entered upon a higher and wider life was the Jesus who died, then we must believe that we who die will through death enter upon another life. What that life shall

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be depends on the capacity and fitness which we have developed in this life. The continuity of the personal life of Jesus is no more certain than the continuity of our personal life.

If, now, personal identity survives death, in other words, if we survive death at all, as we have such strong and cumulative reasons to believe, what follows? More than I may now attempt to say, yet this much I venture to suggest: we shall know our loved ones on the other side of the estranging grave.

Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside,
And I shall know him when we meet.

PHILIP S. MOXOM.

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THE MIDDLE YEARS

BY ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

I

Women in mirrors, I am told, may see
The wings of beauty as, with anxious eye,
They trace the legend of mortality
And day by day watch the old magic die.
In different wise, I in my glass behold
The flight of what no springtime can replace,
And start with terror of things grim and old
When chance confronts me with my mirrored face—
Where the long seasons have engraven deep
So many an epitaph of satiric rhyme,
And sent so many a flaming light to sleep,
And branded immortality so with time,
That where a stranger might see youth alone
I view the ghosts of things that now are gone.

II

This is the burden of the middle years:
To know what things can be or not be known;
To find no sunset lovely unto tears;
To pass not with the swallow southward-flown
Toward far Hesperides where gold seas break
Beyond the last horizon round strange isles;
To have forgot Prometheus on his peak;
To know that pilgrim-miles are only miles.
Then death seems not so dreadful with its night
That keeps unstirred the veil of mystery.
Then no acclaimed disaster can affright
Him who is wise in human history
And finds no godhead there to earn his praise
And dreads no horror save his empty days.

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III

Not all my will can change this casque of bone
That predetermines what each thought must be;
And I have learned to bear with these my own
Enforced defects and doomed futility,
And with reproach no longer rack a skull
Whose rigid plan, conditioned long ago,
Left such low arches for the beautiful
To pour its summer light through. Now I know
Somewhat the measure of what may be done
And may not by this child of a dark race
Who in the long processions of the sun
At last for a brief moment takes his place.
I bid him bear his banner with the rest,
Nor too much blame the dusk that haunts his breast.

IV

I can more tranquilly behold the stars
Than once I could. Their alien majesty
Awakes in me no longer desperate wars
Against their far indifference circling by.
For I too have my orbit, and intent
Upon its rondure I no less than they
Decline the test of warlike argument.
They go their several ways; I go my way.
Nothing of all my hopes have they denied,
Nor do I storm against them as of old.
We pass, the sovereigns of an equal pride.
Some day shall I be dead and they be cold.
Until that hour, untroubled in our flight
We seek our own paths through the spacious night.

V

It thunders in the west, where the clouds roll
Ominously; and as the winds arise
Once more the lightnings cry out to my soul.
How often have I stood with passionate eyes
On some bare hilltop whence the miles of plain,
By sudden flashes torn forth from their sleep,
Were for an instant scrutable, till again
Atlantis-like they sank to oceans deep.

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And such is life's true image: no clear day
On plain-lands luminous and defined and grave—
But a wild dusk where flashes far away
Swiftly illumine shores that from the wave
Are for a moment lifted, soon to be
Merged once again in the concealing sea.

VI

What good, I ask myself, what fortunate thing
Amid so many evils that we taste
Do these strange years of middle-passage bring
Where thief and rust and moth have so made waste?
And as I count them over one by one,—
Patience and prudence and more generous thought,—
I see none here to match the great gifts gone,
Nor any fit atonement time has brought.
—Save perhaps one: the calm and certain will
Whose baffled purpose still relentless goes
Across the world, unconquerable still,
Seeking the unknown goal that well it knows—
Like a bleak eagle that with blinded eye
Drives on its way across the wind-swept sky.

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THE NEW EDUCATION

BY HANFORD HENDERSON

It is, on the whole, a salutary thing when a man is able, good-naturedly and decently, to laugh at himself once in a while, or even at his own class. It is quite mannerly, for example, for me to poke a little fun at old bachelors, at school-masters, at literary folk, at country people, at the leisure classes, at ritualists, at perfectionists and aristocrats, because I belong myself, happily, to all these amusing categories. This is not by way of saying that I mean to make merry over the vagaries of so serious a performance as the New Education, but only that on the same principle I feel that I may criticize it not ungraciously since I stand myself inside the movement, and have, in a very modest way indeed, done something to push it along.

And I am moved to make this criticism just at the present time because the New Education, it seems to me, has fallen headlong into a number of distressing pitfalls. Some of these were, I suppose, inevitable, (we learn to walk, do we not, by falling down?) but some of them, I am sure, could have been avoided had the movement taken itself a little less solemnly, had it measured in ounces rather than in hundred-weights some of our pet phrases and catch words, and above all had it allowed thought to play more freely and critically about some of our major premises.

I should not myself go so far as to say that at the present moment our precious New Education is more conspicuous for its faults than its virtues, but if some outsider said it, I should not perhaps,—if he said it nicely—be too severe upon him. As Bergson so wisely remarks, "Common sense is very fatiguing." We started out, I think, with a genuinely common sense idea, namely that Education should be made real and vital. We wanted it to fit life. We wanted it to be something, not that a child could capriciously take or leave, but something so over-

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whelmingly advantageous that no child could do without it. This laudable ambition has not yet been realized.

It is not my purpose to review all our regrettable vagaries, for they are far too numerous. I will content myself with the mention of two blunders, the one in secondary education, and the other in the college. I refer to the sophistries of school practice growing out of that phrase so dear to modernist ears, "the rights of the child," and to the incomplete and fragmentary culture which the colleges offer under the pseudo-liberalism of the Elective System. Both blunders, though separated by the deep chasm of college entrance requirements, have precisely the same root and are fairly typical of a considerable group of educational disasters. They grow out of an essentially false conception of the function of the teacher. He is made to blow a very uncertain blast on the educational trumpet and as a result both children and youth prepare themselves indifferently for the battle. The typical teacher in the New Education is so anxious to please, to placate, to interest, to make happy, to be tolerant, to be popular, that he stands, much like an upper servant or a cheap actor, ready to give whatever is asked for. He would never have had the backbone to drive the money-changers out of the Temple. He serves, in consequence, not the high ideals of character and scholarship, but the caprices, whimsies, prejudices, half-knowledge of children and youth and parents. This is an utterly impossible view of the office of the teacher, and brings him into deserved disaster and contempt. The one permissible view of that important office clothes it with authority. The teacher must be a leader. He must lead by virtue of wider knowledge and deeper insight. If he lacks this knowledge and this insight, it is an impertinence for him to teach. A reputable physician does not ask his patients what is the matter with them or what he shall do for them. He makes a careful diagnosis of the case and administers the indicated remedy. The patient may decline the treatment and in this event, any self-respecting physician simply withdraws from the case. An honest teacher must do precisely the same as an honest physician. It is emphatically a teacher's business to know what to do educationally, and loyally to do it, without consulting inexperienced

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children or callow youth or less informed parents. And if his knowledge or competence be doubted, one has only to decline his services. When a teacher bids for the interest of his children, or for the support of their parents, he is morally lost and ready for any educational crime. If his methods be sound, he will ultimately win both the interest and the support, but they may not be made the immediate criterion.

It is an alluring phrase,—"the rights of the child"—but I, who love children, know that as many crimes are committed in its name as in the fair name of liberty. These abuses spring, I think, from the current confusion between rights and privileges. Children have few rights but in civilization they enjoy immense privileges. One might almost say that the measure of these child privileges is the measure of the civilization. But there is an immense difference between a right and a privilege. A right is inherent and self-contained, and may ask only a free field for realizing itself. In most cases, however, it must be confessed that our rights are more rhetoric than reality. It sounds wholly re-assuring to be told that we have the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, but after we have duly warmed ourselves in the glow of this fine phrase, and turn around to ask who is going to bestow such tremendous gifts we discover that the whole meaning was that no one may take them away from us. Rights would be most convenient investments if there were only some substantial home office that would honor their multitudinous coupons. But I cannot discover such a home office. When I prefer claims against individuals they are often good-naturedly and graciously met, but on reflection I find that in the majority of cases they are out-and-out gratuities and not genuine obligations. When I prefer such claims against society, I do an extremely futile thing, for society is a mere collective noun, not an entity that one may hail into Court.

I should like to remark parenthetically that a belief in rights has wrecked more human relationships than any other discernible cause. One is only free when one puts aside this mirage of rights and claims, and asks absolutely nothing for oneself. Then all the gracious and friendly acts which surround our daily lives appear in their true light as out-and-out gifts of the gods and one is

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truly happy and grateful. If I demand nothing of my friend then all he gives me is a wonderful benefaction.

To one who has at last gained this freedom for himself it must seem highly unfortunate to surround childhood with an aureole of false claims and rights. Aside from the parents themselves there is no one to whom such claims may reasonably be addressed. Society did not invite the coming of the child, and made not the most remote promises in the way of maintenance and welfare. Even in the case of the parents the point must not be stressed too far. If we believe in immortality we must, I think, believe in it at both ends of the earth life, and must accept the view that the child sought incarnation, and was ready like the rest of us to meet a risky adventure. And while I would not willingly do anything to lessen the wholesome sense of parental responsibility, it is only fair to remember that in the great majority of cases the parents themselves were the somewhat blind agents of a powerful Life Force and not wholly the voluntary actors that older and more passionless and more reflective persons are disposed to picture them. The mere gift of life is in itself such a marvellous gift, that when one reflects upon it, and especially when one recalls that every mother who gives birth to a child puts her own life in serious jeopardy to do it, one is tempted to regard children as the real debtors and parents as the real creditors, and to esteem all the devotion and daily service which attend infancy and childhood and youth not as the satisfaction of juvenile "rights," but rather as a divine gratuity.

Believing as I do that the disinterested love of excellence is the one practical path of salvation, I should be the last to reduce morals to an economic basis, but this unwillingness must not blind me to the fact that money, as the symbol of human effort, never enters into a new relation without involving a moral issue. It is then pertinent to remember in this connection the utter economic dependence of children. Under the most favorable conditions imaginable it would be a very unusual child who could survive a twelve-month without both the care and the material support of the adult world. Happily for all concerned, the responsibility for this maintenance is gladly and generously assumed by parents or relatives or friends; even in case of necessity by the State. It

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is, moreover, a service much to be desired, and those who have no children of their own are frequently moved to tempt fate by adopting them. But to keep the matter quite straight in our own minds we must not lose sight of the essential dependence. It extends to every detail of the physical life,—to food, shelter, clothing, all the long list of human needs—and passes from these to the varied and multitudinous necessities of the mind and spirit. In assuming this heavy responsibility, the adult world must also assume entire authority; or else it cannot in any effective way discharge the responsibility. It is as reasonable as it is just that those who grant privileges should determine both their nature and dimensions. Those of us who love children know how beguiling the little beggars are, or as our lady novelists still like to say, how intriguing, but the welfare which we want for the children can better be shaped by our own experience and maturity than by their utter inexperience and immaturity. It is worth remembering, too, that a spoiled child generally means a spoiled man.

A lively, imaginative boy often finds parental wishes and commands so altogether irksome that he is tempted into the open rebellion of direct disobedience. This is not necessarily a crime or even an ingratitude. I am myself very frank about it. I tell my own boys that if they want to run away and be sailors or cow-boys, trappers or explorers, they have just as much right to do so as a boy of a less adventurous spirit has to stop at home and study for holy orders. But,—and this is the point—they must play fair. Rebellion is only respectable when it is self-supporting. The officer who takes pay from the tyrant and fails to obey commands is plainly a traitor. He is a patriot only when he turns his back upon the loaves and fishes, and plays the game openly and above board. This very obvious loyalty is not, I think, made sufficiently clear to our children and young people. The boy who imagines that he can accept from his father food and clothing and shelter and equipment, social standing and consideration, and all the other good things of a prosperous life, and all the while disobey him either openly or in secret, is a poor sort of creature and ought to be made to see it. And the same is true of young men in college, and young girls in society. A little audacity, a little experimenting within the bounds of decency

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will not hurt them, but a very little disloyalty introduces a veritable dry rot into the heart of things. This disloyalty is not only a base thing in itself but it leads to many of the larger infidelities of mature life.

There is such a wealth of sophistry in our adult world that it would be too much to expect children and youth to escape all share in it. While they are very young, and still have about them the aroma of another world, that touch of the divine which makes perfect childhood so adorable a thing, they may safely be left to their instincts. But morals grow frightfully confused when children come into the sentimental atmosphere of "the rights of the child"; when young people misinterpret "the right to live one's own life," and wobbly adults declare that "the world owes every man a living." There are mantras and sacred texts, which as every follower of the Path knows, have a genuine saving power, but these false phrases would seem to be the very seed of evil.

When we pass from the uncertain and fantastic world of child "rights" to the more secure world of child privileges, we are once more on firm ground. As Emerson and other wise men long ago expressed it,—all life *is* discipline. We are all of us educated, willy-nilly, by the unescapable events of the day. But the process is slow in time, costly in suffering, uncertain in results. If acting upon some theory of the childish right of choice we leave the child to discover the world for himself, to follow each day the line of childish least resistance as prompted by his own spontaneous interests, to exercise prematurely in childhood the liberty of choice proper to maturity, as extreme advocates of the New Education would have us think wise, we would indeed allow the child to educate himself, and there would be about this self-gained and self-directed education a certain rugged sincerity which is wholly admirable. But such an education would have grave defects, and those of us who are happily committed to a life of effort, to the way of the gods, must regard it as a lost opportunity. Compared to the more wisely directed and far broader culture of an older generation this cultivated spontaneity of our New Education yields a fragmentary and limited harvest. If it prevailed the world at large would enter upon

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another retrogressive phase, and civilization would be a declining rather than an augmenting quantity. The events of the past few years have shown that civilization is not automatically progressive. It cannot be left to itself any more than a garden or an orchard can, but must be tended and advanced by the fidelity and devotion of each on-coming generation. As I have been pointing out, education, happily, is unavoidable; it comes in a natural form to children and adults alike. To live is to become educated, and the more fully and eagerly and disinterestedly we live, the more divinely do we become educated. We have here, I think, an indication of what all human attempts to further education ought to be,—they ought to be very clever, very subtle, very carefully devised attempts to lead children out of the narrow, restricted world to which their inexperience and ignorance consign them, into the immense and luminous world of those who intelligently seek perfection. To mis-state the cause of education and to affirm that children have the "right" to pursue their own limited aims in their own inadequate way, and that grown-ups are bound by some strange compulsion to lend a hand to the futility, is to surrender *in toto* the whole evolutionary process as a consciously directed human effort and to hark back to Nature. In certain moods all of us who go in for the New Education travel this road, and are ready quite savagely to throw over all schools and school-masters, and to give the children their head. But a single day's uninterrupted converse with one of these "powerful, uneducated" persons is generally enough to dispel the mood, and to make us once more in love with the best sort of sophistication.

The childish "right" to be inadequate might logically stand if the children could fend for themselves, but even then it would carry no compulsion upon the adult world to lend a hand to the folly. Those who love children and who also love perfection regard education as an immense privilege, a boon which they have won partly through their own fidelity to high ideals, and partly as an out-and-out gift of the gods bestowed through the inscrutable channels of personal and racial heredity. And they would pass it on, these lovers of the divine, to the on-coming generation, not to satisfy any claims, not to meet any illusory rights, not even on their own part to discharge any self-assumed duty, but solely

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for the sheer love of it, as a privilege whose dimensions must in the nature of the case be determined by the grantor, but whose ultimate significance will, it is hoped, be enlarged by the recipient. True teachers,—I omit, of course, the large class of mere pot-boilers—are bent upon precisely the same quest as their children are, the quest of a larger and more satisfying and more beautiful life, but they have presumably gone much further in the quest, have acquired a broader vision, and have won a greater command over ways and means. It is only fitting that they should lead and that the children should follow. It is true that this view of education throws everything upon the teacher, but that is unavoidable and is indeed the crux of the whole matter. If the blind lead the blind,—we all know what happens.

The motive of the New Education is sound, beautifully sound, and it will eventually win out in spite of the vagaries of its friends. It is in the application of the motive that one meets with a fatal lack of discrimination. This is vividly illustrated in the way in which extremists of the New Education handle the question of interest. It is a commonplace of elementary psychology that a man can only do what he wants to do, and that he will do it more effectively the more eager his desire. Education has properly seized upon this principle of interest, and given it a prominent place in modern educational methods. But this is a far cry from the blunder of the extremists in insisting that childish interests shall determine the *direction* of education. Childish interests are essentially fugitive, uncertain, transitory. It is a most unusual child who can occupy himself successfully and happily for a single day. A wise teacher will employ the principle of interest to the utmost, but it will always be as a *method*. He will determine in advance, and very definitely the *direction* in which the interest is to be aroused and expended. He will see that it is directed to some worthy end and not to some passing caprice.

A similar lack of discrimination is found in our colleges in the vagaries of the Elective System. As stated by its early friends and advocates, the Elective System was quite as alluring as "the rights of the child." It seemed to sum up the rights of youth. But in practice it has proved equally illusory and even more harmful, since it has given us a generation of very partially

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educated young people. The underlying thought is eminently sound and beguiled many of us into early advocacy. And we were further beguiled by the fervent advocacy of one of our most distinguished American educators. At its best, the underlying thought was that since life consists so largely in choosing among the multitudinous alternatives that destiny offers, it ought to be an essential part of education to teach youth to choose wisely. At its worst, the Elective System once more displaced interest from its legitimate rôle in psychological method, and made it the determining factor in the direction of effort. In a word, it encouraged a youth to follow the unprogressive line of his own limited, ready-to-hand interests instead of setting his heart and mind on fire by the revelation of those new and liberating and illuminating interests of which the mature custodians of culture in the college are the natural and qualified guardians. In brief, the Elective System permits a youth to follow the line of least resistance and applauds him for doing so. But no earnest student of the workings of the human spirit believes for one moment that such an effortless policy can carry a soul very far along the Path.

I am not forgetting that the Elective System, at its best, presupposes a competent adviser for each student who must officially sanction the course of study selected. But it has not been my own experience that this service is at all well rendered; and often it is completely nullified by the conflicting hours of our present ill-devised curriculum. I found one of my Harvard boys taking five languages, *and nothing else;* another lad whose head was so far in the clouds that he could not be trusted to do the simplest errand, was busying himself wholly with airy subjects admirably calculated to confirm him in his sins. And only the other day I found a bright young friend of mine, a sophomore at one of our excellent smaller universities enrolled for English, Latin, biology and biblical history,—no modern language, no mathematics, no fine arts, no modern social studies. (Happily his course has since been modified.) Everyone familiar with college life can call up similar examples. But it is not necessary to go into details,—one has only to examine the Elective System in its attitude towards any basal study, such as mathematics. It is

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commonly and erroneously believed that mathematics requires some special aptitude and should not be pressed upon those who on first trial, or indeed without trial, express a distaste for the subject. In reality, mathematics requires no special aptitude, but it does require what many students are too lazy or too indifferent to give,—it requires accurate, quantitative thinking in place of loose, qualitative wool-gathering. So many of the values of life depend upon the quantitative element that the student who declines to think quantitatively can hardly be called educated.

It is a mistake, for example, to consider the calculus as meant only for engineers and physicists. As a matter of fact the calculus is for all of us who aspire to think at all, for it offers a new and fruitful way of thinking about quantity itself, and therefore in effect about life. One may not care to study Einstein in the original, or to go into all the intricacies of the Theory of Relativity, but since this Theory seems destined to take its place alongside of the older Newtonian Theory of Gravitation, and to modify it profoundly, it becomes necessary for every intelligent student, in order to be in any large sense intelligent, to be able to follow the general argument for Relativity, quite as necessary indeed as for every intelligent person to know the difference between the Ptolemaic and the Copernican astronomies. In a word, the quantitative element is an unescapable factor in all sound thinking and if we allow our young people to dodge it on the shallow ground that they have no turn for mathematics we open the door to all those current inaccuracies that make our modern life so complicated and so difficult.

I do not, for one moment, maintain the democratic thesis that all persons, or even all university students, can be made to think accurately, for I know only too well that the aristocrats of thought, as well as the aristocrats of manners and morals, have won their distinction as the fruit of long and patient self-discipline and effort, and I am under no illusion that the majority will pay so high a price. As Emerson so tersely puts it, "Men are as lazy as they dare to be." But it seems to me unfortunate that the official guardians of our culture, the universities, should have no definite and carefully-thought-out programme for making the thinking

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of the whole student body more complete and more accurate. If education means anything, we older and better educated persons who have been over the ground ourselves, and who are now able to view life somewhat in the retrospect, ought to be able to formulate more perfect and more liberating courses of study for the on-coming generation than it can, in its large inexperience, formulate for itself. And we can then render the further service of a compact and time-saving scheme of hours.

Life means choice. So much depends upon wise choice,—happiness, prosperity, life itself—that one is tempted to class it as the major function. It should obviously be the major purpose of education to help youth choose aright. But when we place before youth the sealed packages of academic culture and require that he possess himself of five or six of them each year, we are not helping him to choose,—we are forcing him to guess, and as I have been pointing out, his guess is more likely than not to be unfortunate. Our more intelligent service would be to make him soundly acquainted with those varied aspects of life and thought which seem to our more mature vision to be most genuinely worth while, to open as many spiritual vistas as possible so that when he comes at manhood to face the major choices of life he shall have it in him to choose wisely. One need not be contemptuous of youthful wisdom, but neither may one properly assume a prescience which it cannot as yet possibly have attained. Callow youth is never so callow as when it is led prematurely to believe that it is not callow.

After having myself attended three great universities,—Pennsylvania, Zürich and Harvard,—and prepared many boys for entrance examinations, and watched their subsequent careers, I should, if called upon to choose between a rigid, prescribed course of study representing the mature wisdom of a scholarly faculty, and an elective course formulated by my own youthful immaturity, or with the questionable help of a casual college adviser, unhesitatingly accept the prescribed course. In order to emphasize this choice I have purposely used the offensive word *rigid*, but it goes without saying that a course of study may be prescribed without being rigid. In order to help out my own bewildered boys, floundering in the morass of the Elective Sys-

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tem, I devised some years ago a general formula for the four years of undergraduate work, which for obvious reasons we named the *Balanced Course*. It provides six headings, six general terms representing the major departments of human culture; and under each heading there is given a list of special studies in their recommended sequence. Each semester or year, each general term is to be translated into an offered course of specific work. Such a frame-work of general terms prescribes a many-sided direction of undergraduate effort but in the specific work extends to each student the flexibility of individual choice. The six general terms are as follows:

1. The vernacular (English).
2. A foreign language (preferably one, pursued to the point of mastery).
3. Mathematics.
4. Science (a laboratory course).
5. Fine Arts (involving always some form of actual personal achievement).
6. Humanistic Studies.

An average boy following such a frame-work for the four undergraduate years, would in the end find himself possessed of at least the rudiments of an all-round education. The carefully arranged lists of special studies would offer him a sufficiently wide field for choice. They would also suggest helpful lines of subsequent reading and study, by calling his attention to the many interesting things that he does not yet know.

In all successful navigation of the seven seas, it is essential to have trustworthy charts. It is not a bad idea to provide them for the initial stages of the far more adventurous voyages of the human spirit. One may properly run risks in exploring the unknown, but it is a bit inglorious to suffer ship-wreck in sight of your own front-door.

HANFORD HENDERSON.

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PROVIDENCE IN FLORENCE

BY STARK YOUNG

For our first day in the pension on the Arno the only other guest at our table was an American young lady. We had been told that the other guests were out for the day. But both my friend and I were so worn with the table amenities of our Assisi headquarters that we felt like holding to a prudent silence. I meant to be polite, precisely that. And so we were seated, said good evening carefully, and busied ourselves with the dinner. Two courses passed and only a few murmurs between my friend and me. Then the young lady took the situation in hand and wholly shamed us. She looked up and smiled at us and said:

"How long will you gentlemen be in the city?"

I started. "In the city!" Who would have ever thought of that for Florence? And "you gentlemen!" But I replied that we hoped to be there for some time.

"I see you are from the States, are you not?" she went on with the straight manner of a war girl, evidently. "I am in the Red Cross here."

We explained ourselves and that we were travelling. She was a tall girl with auburn, crimpy hair; honest freckles sprinkled on the bridge of her nose; and a figure in a long high corset. She had a quick way of talking, slightly indistinct even to an American.

Then, shortly afterward, the happy mention of antiques and of buying in general started us all off, at the beginning at least, together. The young lady, it developed, drew her salary, and also her allowance, in American money, which she turned into lire at 22 on the dollar. That made her rich beyond her dreams. She was thrilled with the buying. Did you ever see anything like it in your life? Wasn't it terrible in Italy? What did you think she had paid for this dress? Sixteen dollars, made on Via Tornabuoni! Her house at home was very plain, just mis-

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sion furniture and blue and white curtains, not bad, but you know. And so she was buying all sorts of things, and Auntie would be delighted.

It appeared that she had bought a hat for two dollars; and had found copies of all her favorite pictures at the print shop for ten lire each, less than fifty cents! After dinner she showed us cigarette cases, majolica, lace, table linen, filet, cameos, frames, pictures, mosaics, every sort of thing. I perceived that she had orders out all over Florence and seemed to have her lacemakers, woodcarvers, milliners, jewellers, and bookbinders, like a great Medici princess. Sometimes, she confessed, she did not like the things afterwards so much as she had when she bought them.

The next day at luncheon the Conte appeared. He was a man past thirty, compact, alert, almost short in stature, with auburn hair and mustache. His eyes were quick and grey; he wore on his right hand a sardonyx ring with arms. His beautiful, rapid Siennese was clear as a pattern in a book and recklessly elegant and witty. The Conte's name was one of the oldest in Italy and his arms were scattered over all Rome, by one of the Popes that had come from his family.

The Conte bowed and wished everyone a good evening as he sat down at the table, and explained that he had been absent in Pistoija, where he had gone to look after a palace that had been left him by his ancestors, damp, dark, with one caretaker and thirty-eight apartments, and fit for nothing but growing mushrooms. "One wears these palaces exactly as one wears this ring," he added, holding up his right hand, "but the ring is less trouble. I shall try to leave nothing but rings and bankstock behind me. Let us be modern!"

He relapsed then into his *ravioli*, after a glance at the Red Cross young lady, who was plainly about to begin an account.

She began to tell me about her life, official so to speak, in Florence. She was in the office at the top of Berchielli's all day. But there was every sort of thing to be done: people to be found; connections established between members of families; pension money sent to the right people. Then there were inquiries to go to Washington, and goodness knows when you got an answer and the people coming every day and making a row.

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There were all sorts of passport troubles for old people who wished to go to America, and for ex-soldiers who were trying to dodge the clutches of the Italian army. And then at four you had tea sent up from the hotel and went shopping. Sometimes on Saturday nights she ran off to Rome to see her friends in the office there, taking the midnight express and getting back for Monday morning. And whenever she heard of a festival in the near-by towns, she went. They were adorable, the procession at Grassina, and the festival she had seen at Moncepulciano, where they led a little child dressed in white, with a golden wig and a wreath of flowers, like a little angel, and standing on an ass, right down the valley into the town and into the church and up to the altar. She had even been to Paestum, where she had spent the night in a peasant's house. She had gone to tell them about their son; for they could not read at all the information sent them in English from Washington, and nobody in the village could read it, but the priest knew that it was English. Why did Washington do this? She loved the church, though they seemed like pagans and Auntie would be shocked. And she adored walking up through the Porto San Giorgio to hear the nightingales when the moon was out. Alfano, her Florentine friend, often went with her, he had been thirteen months in prison in Austria and was so interesting. It was so interesting getting to know the real Italian nature this way!

The Conte listened and looked at me, and his clear eyes flickered for half a second; but he said nothing. She turned to him:

"Oh, Conte, you have such a wonderful country," she said radiantly, "I simply love it."

"We are fortunate that you help to make it so," he answered with a little bow to her. "What extraordinarily happy lives American ladies lead, *cara Signorina.*"

Dinner that night proved not to be for those that dream international dreams. Two ladies had arrived in the afternoon and had been seated at our table next to the plump little Austrian baroness who had been absent for the day in the too sweet environs, as she called them. One of the arrivals was from New York, a miniature painter, with clear features and firm sharp motions that suggested a Colonial doorknocker. Beside her

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sat the Irish lady, whom she had met a day or two before in Perugia. This lady had thick grey hair like a powdered wig, round eyes far apart, and flattish nostrils, round and wide. "A Louis Quinz mule!" the Conte said to me later, when we were better friends.

At the beginning of the dinner while the anchovy *antipasto* was served, the painter, merely by way of conversation, I think, asked in her cool, clear voice:

"Miss Townshend, I suppose of course you are a Home Ruler?"

"You do?" Miss Townshend put down her fork and roared at her friend with a huge voice and a manner like a stump orator. "Did you ever hear of a Townshend who was a Home Ruler?"

A pause.

"Did you ever hear of a Townshend who was a Catholic?"

A pause, and this time silence in the whole dining-room, to hear what the lady was roaring about in this fashion.

"Did you ever hear of a Townshend who was a —?"

"I never heard of a Townshend," the painter interrupted, coolly, and went back to her anchovies.

The dining-room went back to its clatter, but an awkward silence reigned at our table.

But the Providence young lady had not worked for nothing with consuls and parents and Latin officials.

"Why, I'm sure I've heard of lots of Townshends," she said, and added enthusiastically, "Some of them were historical heroes, weren't they?"

Miss Townshend lowered her voice a little as she answered, "If they spell it with an *h*, Madame, I think I may say there were."

The Conte saw the point of the American young lady's efforts with this hardened old clay of Europe, and joined in gaily toward the peace basis. He had already had two round goblets of Capri Bianco.

"Speaking of heroes," he began, "now what's one's idea of a hero? How many ideals there are! Now my ideal is a man like Nerino Gamba. You have not heard of him? But he is known as a financier, a patron of the arts, an impresario, a director of theatres, a prince."

"Indeed," I asked, "where is he, in Rome?"

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"No, just now he is in the prison at Volterra. For forging checks. Yes, *Signorina*, that is the way he started his fortune. This is the way he used to do it. He would find out a very rich man, one with a name that could be duplicated of course, some not unique name, and then he would get a secretary with the same name. He would have this secretary write out checks and these he would cash. And since he was a great and rich person no one thought of making trouble for him for a long time. He changed secretaries when there was need for more money some time or other, and got thus another rich man's name. In this way he became very rich and bought up many objects of art. Have you not heard of the Crivelli that he has, that they tried to buy in America? At any rate he loved the theatre and so financed a great many companies, and gave the actresses whom he loved magnificent gifts. And now that he is caught they have all had to give the things up to be sold for the creditors, is it not terrible, poor women! All but Mimi Grammatica, she was more fortunate; he had given her only money, fifty thousand lire, and she had spent it all, and now they could not get any of it back from her. It is droll, and what a great actress she is! Nerino Gamba has been in prison two years now—they had to do something about it of course, but he was given only three years. He is planning now for several fine companies in the theatres, directing them from prison, and he will soon be out and making his career again. Now that is what I call a hero!"

The Red Cross young lady looked at him blankly.

"Why not, *cara Signorina*, he has brains, power, imagination, daring, taste, what would you have?"

"But of course you are only joking," she laughed.

"Oh, no, no, no, no, not at all!" the Conte waved his hand, "I assure you. This man is like Machiavelli, the intention, the cool mind."

The young lady's face became very serious.

"Oh, if you really mean it, Conte," she said, "I can't let you go on thinking like that. It's so cynical."

"Exactly, *cara Signorina*, it is cynical. It is Continental," the Conte replied gravely. "It is Italian. We are a cynical race, we have three thousand years of history behind us."

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The honest young face looked troubled and slightly indignant; this sort of problem that cannot be changed by believing in the best was not to her taste. She thought a moment.

"Well, I just don't understand Italians," she said then, "but I suppose I never shall do that. It just shows that America is the place for me after all."

"On the contrary," the Conte answered, bowing again, "let us hope that you can be in both, in both countries at the same time even, like the holy Apostles."

"Well, I don't quite understand even my friends in Italy," she said, now very serious, "Now even Alfano, he is different from my—"

"Oh, Alfano?" the Conte interrupted. "Ah, I know Alfano. And I know his ex-wife. But how beautiful the moon is from San Giorgio!"

"His wife? Why, is he married?" the girl asked quickly.

"Alfano *was* married. He is not married now, *cara Signorina.*"

I could see that this was a great shock to her, but her frontier American control, or whatever good thing it was, helped her to go straight ahead without a blink.

"Really, Conte?" she said. "Well, I was going to say that Alfano is so different from a friend of mine at home—"

At this the Austrian baroness came in sympathetically; romance was her only connection with life.

"You mean your *fiancé*, dear Mademoiselle?"

"Yes, Baroness." This time she flushed crimson.

"Now that is too pretty!" the Baroness cooed. "Do tell us about him. What is he like?"

"He's a big fine fellow," the girl said, proudly.

"Ah, yes, a beeg fine fellow," the Baroness repeated, "now there, *ma chère*, I do not quite understand you. Why is it that American young ladies have told me so often of the beeg fine fellow? With us the beegest men are the porters. It is too droll but we learn from the animal kingdom that the most intelligent animal is the ant, and he is the smallest. The elephant is the beegest animal and all the sense he has is to deeg a hole in the ground and put his foot in it."

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"But we must not spoil the signorina's dreams!" the Conte proffered quickly.

"Oh, you don't at all, I think it's very interesting. You see I've got used to being in foreign countries."

"And so you wouldn't like an Italian husband?"

"I'm afraid it doesn't sound very polite, Conte—"

The Conte made a little, martyr's gesture not to be spared.

"But I'm afraid I don't think I should. I suppose it's only natural that an American girl should prefer an American husband."

"I know, *cara Signorina,* but that does not say that they are superior."

"I'm sure they are, just the same." She was getting a little excited with the argument.

"And why, *Signorina?*"

"Well, for one thing, you know how Italian husbands act. And nobody seems to mind about these affairs, everybody takes it for granted. Our husbands are different, *that* you can certainly say for them. They are not like—American husbands are faithful."

"Exactly, *cara Signorina,*" the Conte answered, "of course they are faithful. But what good are they?"

The young lady was floored. She had never thought of this approach to the argument. "Yes, but—I mean—" she murmured, and made a little laugh, and retreated, for the time being, to her cherries.

The Baroness began to lisp about a visit she had made that morning to San Domenico—it was too sweet—and the lovely brother there in a black cowl who had given her a rose.

STARK YOUNG.

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CONCERNING FATHERS

BY EDITH RONALD MIRRIELEES

When Valdez, the Spanish critic, named Samuel Richardson "the father of the modern novel," his purpose was a compliment, but his performance may well have sent a shudder through Richardson's shade, loitering in the aisles of some celestial bookstore, while from a warmer corner Fielding, at the words, cocked up an appreciative eye.

A rich minute that for Fielding and all the satirists! It was as though some applauding foreigner, memorializing George the Third, had named him in good faith the mother-in-law of his country. A rich minute and one from which the flavor has not yet departed. Instead, from Richardson down even to Wells, its pungency increases with the passing of the years, until now, as we turn the pages of our "best English novels," it is overpungent, acrid upon the tongue.

Every English author has had a father; nearly every one has been a father in his turn. In the light of these two facts, where do they come from—this brood of blackguards, this monstrous regiment of fictional fathers that whines and blusters and sneaks and bullies down through the pages of two centuries?

Richardson himself, though his case is bad enough, is by no means the chief offender. The notable Mr. Harlowe is a bully indeed, but he is a straightforward bully, whose children know the worst at the first clap.

"No words! I will not be prated to! I will be obeyed! I have no child, I will have no child but an obedient one!"

A thought arbitrary, but at least the tearful Clarissa creeps away with eyes unblackened and mind unpolluted. Of another mould is Richardson's other creation, Goodman Andrews, model parent of the still more model Pamela.

"I hope the good squire has no design." So he adjures the fifteen year old on hearing of the gift of a gown from her dead

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mistress' wardrobe. "We fear—yes, my dear child, we fear—you should be too grateful and reward him with that jewel, your virtue."

Fear it? Yes, and expect it too. Not a letter but does its best to accustom her to the idea. The money she sends him he does not return—oh no!—but tucks it away, wrapped in a rag, among the thatch, "lest we should partake of the price of our daughter's shame." A case for the psycho-analysts here! It is not until *after* Pamela, pelted by paternal warnings, has become "suspicious and fearful" that any indignity is put upon her.

An eye for the main chance too has the good Gaffer Andrews, along with his other charming qualities. Let Pamela be tormented, abducted, and still escape the worst, and he will acknowledge her, even summon up courage to rebuke her oppressors—in a gentle, slightly squeaky tone, not unworthy of Pamela herself. "'Great as you are, Sir, I must ask for my child,' and burst into tears." But let the worst come upon her, through however little fault of hers—No, no! No neighborhood opprobrium for the family of Andrews! Honesty is more than their jewel in that household; it is their first-rate life insurance.

And yet with Gaffer as with Mr. Harlowe, some virtue must be allowed him. He poisons his daughter's mind, but he refrains from battering her body. It remained for Fielding, the chuckler, to experiment in combinations and introduce into *Tom Jones*, in the person of Squire Weston, an archtype, a model, for the fictitious fathers of a whole century. There is no quoting from the conversation of this gentle parent with his young daughter; it will not bear quoting. And as for missiles heavier than those of conversation—"Sophia, just risen from the ground, with the tears running from her eyes and the blood trickling from her lips." Has the charming Sophia been thrown from a coach? Has she been set upon by robbers? Not so! She has merely been questioning, in language of the mildest, her father's decision that she marry the neighborhood nincompoop. "Father of the modern novel" indeed! No wonder there was hilarity among the angels!

And Fielding knew paternal goodness too when he met it. That he shows us in another character in this same book. While

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Sophia abides, locked in, in her bedroom, feeding upon forebodings and bread and water, or goes out, if she go at all, in fear of her life of her father, Tom Jones, the rascal, finds his, till treachery alienates him, useful for the paying of bills, for bed and board and friendly counsel. An ideal father, this Squire Allworthy, as good as his symbolic name, an all but perfect father—only, unfortunately, as the plot betrays to us, a foster father, not a real one at all. It is always the foster father who scores in these annals. Only when you have begotten a child, have you a patent for hating it.

The elder Random enlarges his patent a little and hates his grandson as much as his son and throws in his daughter-in-law for good measure, but, on the whole, it is Squire Weston who creates the father tradition for his generation. Some obscure fathers there are, to be sure, both in this generation and in the next one, who are good enough—Mr. Moreland, for example, in *Northanger Abbey*—but they are merely neglectedly good, as though the author had not taken the trouble to make them otherwise. It is always the full-size tyrant, never his halfway well-meaning brother, who gets the spotlight and the centre of the stage—except, of course, in the case of those fathers who are slightly touched in the head. A fool is almost invariably kind to his children, the more fool the kinder.

But it was an unlovely age at best, that flat, miasmic, middle eighteenth century. I turn from its output to novels later written though earlier read. Dickens, champion of all the maligned, must have fathers enough in his pages. . . . And yet, to speak truth, it is Mr. Pecksniff who comes first to mind, with Mr. Turveydrop to follow. Mr. Bray I remember too, whining tyrant of Madeline, beloved of Nicholas (Curious, how seldom the curse of heredity operates inside the pages of a novel!); and Mr. Podsnap; and Rogue Riderhood, with his rooted objection to poll-parritin'; and Gaffer Hexam, with an aversion as deep to the lower education of women; and Mr. Cruncher, his rust-reddened fingers forever in contact with the ears of his son; and Mr. Skimpole; and the elder Harmon, true descendent of eighteenth century forebears. Mr. Wilfer, father of Bella, goes back to the simpleton type, for the rule established by his predeces-

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sors holds good with Dickens still—more fool, less tyrant. Mr. Crummles is a gentle father to the insufferable Phenomenon. Mr. Jelleby is as mild as silly. Not once do we find Wilkins Micawber laying the heavy hand of correction on one of his offspring.

No, in spite of the foolish fathers who are tolerably affectionate, Dickens does nothing to lift the curse of an earlier century. The Jew comes into his own in his pages, the mendicant finds his apologist, and the failure, and even the sneak thief, but the father wanders outcast still. *David Copperfield*, indeed, best loved of books, escapes from the domination of the unhappy race, but its escape is accomplished only by strong measures. David, Em'ly, Steerforth, Uriah—every important character but one is orphaned before the story opens. And while the one remaining does his best—falls to drink and to forgery, to daughter-auctioning and other pecadillos—he cannot, unsupported, cast a gloom over all of the pages.

It is no wonder that other enterprising novelists read the secret of Dickens' formula for winning affection and took advantage of it. The amputation of a father or two from its pages would have turned almost any tragedy of the time into an applicant for a place among the "glad" books. *Hard Cash* for instance! Richard Hardie begins with the familiar eighteenth century gesture of forbidding his son's marriage—a mere tyro at the beginning, but he improves fast, takes to rages, to embezzlement, to shutting his son up in madhouses, so that in four hundred pages the unhappy lad is scarce rid of him. A grand old parent that, of the noble antique mould.

Mr. Osborne in *Vanity Fair* is another antiquity. No whining about him; rages and caning and disinheritance are his weapons, and Sir Pitt on the one hand and Lord Steyne on the other bear him worthy company.

And yet, in spite of the trio, Thackeray alone among his fellows has, underneath his conformity, a kind of a sneaking tenderness for fathers. He takes the Dickensonian path of escape more often than Dickens himself, kills them early and often in his stories and presents us with fatherless heroes and heroines galore. And once, even, he permits one to live and in Colonel Newcome—

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but it should be remembered in extenuation that Thackeray, left orphan at five, lacks the fillip of personal experience in his writing.

George Eliot is another who believes in the death sentence. The Misses Brooke are bereft in their early 'teens when their dispositions may well be supposed to be not yet entirely soured. Eppie, though she has a father, escapes the discomfort of knowing him. Adam Bede is almost as unparented as David itself; Hetty, Dinah, Arthur, Adam, Seth—not a father amongst them except one who is drowned (and good riddance to him!) by falling, drunk, into a stream in the first chapter. By the time the Grand Triumvirate had finished its work, the father bade fair to vanish from fiction altogether or to survive, along with fairies and ghosts and the devil, as a form of modified myth.

But though the middle nineteenth century might shield itself behind the grave, its emancipated later years could do with no such subterfuge. By the 'eighties, shields were out of fashion. Off came drapes and pantalettes from a host of subjects, and out popped the father again none the worse—which in his case means none the better—for his bout with mortality. The costume, to be sure, was altered a little. The heavy-handed parent had shifted his residence from Picadilly to Seven Dials. Vituperation was out of date along with bodily violence, but oppression held its own, and the essential element of the father by which he may be known under all disguises—his disregard for his offspring, his willingness to profit by its misfortunes—remained unaltered. That "sire of Richard Feverel" shows black against a midnight of bad fathers. And Dr. Middleton in *The Egoist*, how did he ever produce an uncontaminated Clara?—who, by the way, with the twentieth century in full sight, pays him mediaeval reverence still.

The twentieth century was, indeed, actually on the threshold before a break appeared in the league against fatherhood. Then Kipling, who had already rescued a continent from obscurity, made a try at father-rescue too—an ill-fated try, its outcome not the father aided but the child destroyed. What he produced was less a new race of parents than a shuddering newness in children—monstrous children, pigmy men-about-town, living

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according to a code mature and cynical. Witness Wee Willie Winkie, for example, with his carefully considered chivalry, rooted beyond the reach of panic, and his fellow, the young gentleman who purloined the " 'parkle crown," whose tongue, to be sure, has a childish affliction, but whose spirit was thirty on the day he was born. I say nothing of *The Drums of the Fore and Aft* nor of the inimitable *Kim*. Nobody has ever supposed that immaturity of years in those cases gave pretensions to childishness.

And the new race, alas, was not for Kipling alone. Through the early years of the twentieth century, it has grown and flourished in the pages of many books. In *The Tree of Heaven*, May Sinclair has lately created a typical member of the clan. Listen to him in the schoolroom with his father, debating the grazing of the pony's knees on an extra dangerous hill:

> 'That,' said Anthony [the father], 'is why you're forbidden to ride down it. You've got to be spanked for this, Nicky.'
>
> 'Have I? All right. Don't look so unhappy, Daddy.'
>
> Anthony did it (the spanking) much better this time. Nicky, though he shook with laughter, owned it very handsomely.

Later he confides to his dupe that he really had not ridden the pony at all; he had only thought it a "jolly sell" (oh, very friendly and condescending he is!) to get himself spanked for a deed he had not done.

And Nicky is representative of all the race. Some are a little better than he, some a little worse, but not one of the horrors can actually be said to have a father at all—not if fatherhood depend on the presence of a child.

And yet, in spite of the Kipling fumble and its disastrous aftermath, it is with the twentieth century that hope does dawn for male parents. It dawns not in Kipling's well-meaning pages nor in those of his followers, but with a group whose intentions are of the worst. Wells, Bennett, Galsworthy—one and all, they fall upon the father with a kind of gleeful ferocity. They make him a fool and a boor; they make him a bore insufferable; they make him a tyrant and blandly contented with tyranny, but they begin his rescue for all that, for his children have found him out.

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"'I wish to please you, papa. . . . I will obey you, papa. . . . I am anxious to perform my duty.'" So, in *The Egoist*, with paragraphs of parental diatribe between, speaks Clara Middleton of the year 1880.

The tune is different with the heroines of Wells. Watch Anne Veronica in her struggles! "Duty" has gone into the discard at last. At last, after generations of weeping and fainting and heartbreak, the victim has taken to other weapons; the Englishman's house is invaded, no longer his castle, though the ogre is still inside.

A flouted tyrant is scarcely a tyrant at all, and, his children now flouting him, we watch hopefully to see, little by little, the father of the English novel draw in his horns, shear off his expletives, rein in his temper, till, in a decade or two, he sidles through the pages as meek as his American contemporary.

EDITH RONALD MIRRIELEES.

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ON WRITING FOR THE FILMS

BY W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

I KNOW very well that it is unbecoming in me to express my opinion on the subject of writing for the screen, since I have busied myself with the matter only for a few weeks. But in these weeks I have learned a good deal and I pretend only to jot down my first impressions. Everyone now allows that the pictures have reached a stage where they can no longer be treated with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders. If you are of a pedagogic turn of mind,—as apparently many authors are in these days,—and wish to improve your fellow men, there is no medium which gives you a greater opportunity. You read your newspaper cursorily and what goes in at one eye goes out of the other. But what you see at the pictures impresses you with peculiar force. It may be deplored that the novelist and the playwright should think it their business to preach; but apparently they often do, too often, perhaps; and they are fortunate enough to find many people who are willing to take them with the utmost seriousness. They can certainly expound their views of life more effectively on the screen than between the covers of a book or even within the three hours' traffic of the stage. The screen is an unrivalled method of propaganda. This was widely realized during the war, but the means employed were ingenuous and sometimes defeated their own object. Little allowance was made for the frailty of human nature, and the pill of useful information was so little coated with sugar that the wretched public refused to swallow it. I shall not forget seeing a picture in a remote province of China which showed the President of the French Republic shaking hands with the Minister of Public Works. This was designed to impress the wily Oriental with the greatness of France, but I do not believe it achieved its object. If on the other hand a writer aspires to be no more, and no less, than an

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artist, the film is not unworthy of his consideration. There is no reason why the picture should not be a work of art.

But on this question the attitude of many of those who are concerned with the production of pictures is somewhat depressing. For if you wander about the studios you will find that some of the more intelligent men you meet are frankly pessimistic. They will tell you that the whole business is no more than a trick. They deny that there can be any art in a production that is dependant on a machine. It is true that for the most part the attempts that are made at an artistic result support this argument. There are directors who desire to be artistic. It is pathetic to compare the seriousness of their aim with the absurdity of their achievement. Unfortunately you cannot be artistic by wanting to be so; but the lamentable results of these endeavors, often so strenuous and so well-meaning, must be ascribed rather to incapacity in those who make them than to unsuitability in the material. You will not achieve art in a picture by composing pompous titles or by bolstering up a sordid story with the introduction of a Russian ballet or a fairy tale. The irrelevant is never artistic. The greatest pest of the moment is the symbol. I do not know how it was introduced into the pictures but I judge that it was introduced successfully; the result is that now symbolism is dragged in by the hair. Nothing, of course, can be more telling, nothing has greater possibilities; but it must be used with tact, appositeness, and moderation. To my mind there is something grotesque in the way in which an obvious symbol gambols, like a young elephant, through the middle of a perfectly commonplace story. No, the gentlemen who direct pictures will not make them works of art in this fashion. I think they would be well advised to set about the matter more modestly. There is a good deal of spade work to be done first. The sets might occupy their attention. They have yet to discover the aesthetic value of simplicity. They will learn in due course that the eye is wearied by a multiplicity of objects. They will not crowd their rooms with furniture and knick-knacks. They will realize the beauty of an empty wall.

Then I think they can profitably occupy themselves with the subject of line. It is distressing to see, judging by the results,

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how little thought is given to the beauty that may be obtained from graceful attitudes and harmonious grouping. The lover can clasp his beloved to his heart in such a manner as to make an exquisite pattern; but unless he is a very fortunate young man, whom the gods especially favor, he will not do this by the light of nature. I have been amazed to see how often the lovely heroine has been allowed to be photographed in a position that makes her look like a sack of potatoes. I venture to think also that those directors who pursue beauty (I have nothing to say about those who merely want to produce a picture that will bring in a million dollars: I have no doubt they know their business much better than I do) might explore more systematically the photographic possibilities of atmospheric effect. The camera is capable of a great deal in this direction, and the delight of every audience at the most modest attempts in this field, such as scenes by moonlight, show that the public would not be unresponsive. There is immense scope for the director who wishes to make beautiful pictures; but the Reinhardt of the screen has not yet arrived.

It will appear from these observations that I think the director should be definitely an interpreter of the author. Since I am a writer it is perhaps natural that I should have little patience with his claim to be a creative artist. I think he has assumed this impressive rôle because in the past he has too often been asked to deal with material which was totally unsuited to the screen. He could produce a tolerable picture only by taking the greatest liberties with the story he was given, and so he got into the habit of looking upon the story as a peg upon which to hang his own inventions. He had no exalted idea of the capacity of his audience (the commonest phrase upon his lips was: Remember that my public doesn't consist of educated people. It is not a two dollar public it is a ten and fifteen cent public); and—if I may say so without offense—he was no genius. The stories he offered to an eager world were inane. For the most part the motive was absurd, the action improbable, the characterization idiotic; and yet so novel was the appeal, so eager the desire for this new amusement, that the public accepted all these defects with a tolerant shrug of the shoulders. The mistake the director

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made was in supposing the public did not see that they were defects. The most successful showmen have always credited the public with shrewdness. Now that the novelty of the pictures has worn off, the public is no longer willing to take these defects so humorously. They find them inconvenient. It seems to me that a few years ago I did not see bored people in a cinema: now I see them all around me. They raise their voices in derision. It is refreshing to hear the burst of laughter which greets a pretentious title.

The picture companies are discovering, what the theatrical managers might have told them long since, that no matter how eminent your stars and how magnificent your production, if your story is bad the public will not bother with you. The picture companies have put a bold face on the matter. They have swallowed their medicine with fortitude. They have gone to the highways and hedges and constrained the author to come in. They have brushed aside his pleas that he had no wedding garment: the feast was set.

The story is now all the thing.

It remains to be seen how the author will meet the situation. I do not think it will be surprising if he does not create very great works of art, for they come as the gods will, sparingly, and should be accepted with surprise and gratitude, but not demanded as a right. It is very good to receive a barrel of caviare now and then, but for the daily meal one should be satisfied with beef or mutton. At all events there will be no excuse for the author if his stories are not coherent and probable, if his psychology (to use the somewhat pompous term by which the play of motive is known in the world of pictures) is not reasonable, and his characters and the incidents he chooses to illustrate them not true to life.

In the past probably the worst pictures have been those which were made out of plays. Because there are certain similarities between moving pictures and plays it was thought that a successful play would make a good picture and, what is more eccentric, that an unsuccessful play might do the same. The fact that a play had been acted in London or New York was supposed to be a valuable asset, and for all I know this may be a fact. But it was

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constantly found either that the play offered insufficient material, or material of a character that was useless on the screen. We have all seen pictures purporting to be versions of well-known plays and found the most outrageous travesties. And what is more, they were dull. The fact suggests itself that the play as a play is seldom suited for the screen. When you write a play you take an idea from a certain angle. You quickly learn how much you have to eliminate, how ruthlessly you must compress, and how rigidly you must stick to your point. But when the result of these efforts comes to the screen only a bare skeleton remains. The director is not to be so bitterly blamed when he claims that he has had to invent a story to clothe these naked bones. The technique of the modern stage is very sharply defined, and to my mind the modern play as it stands has very little to give the pictures. The moving picture much more suggests the plays of the Elizabethans. But of course an idea can be looked at in all sorts of ways and there is no reason why a story which has proved effective on the stage should not prove equally effective on the screen. It must be written entirely anew from that standpoint. I think a writer might make a good picture from a theme upon which he has already written a good play, but he will probably need incidents other than those which he has used in the play, and, it may be, different characters. He is absurd if he expects real invention to be done by the scenario writer to whom the management who has bought his play will entrust the work of arranging it for the screen. That is work that he alone can do. No one can know his idea as well as he, and no one can be so intimately acquainted with his characters.

I think there is more to be said for the screen version of novels, since here the case is reversed and it is not a matter of expansion and elaboration but of selection. I do not see why very good pictures should not be made from novels. They will serve as illustrations for those who have read them, and may induce those who have not to do so. This may be a good enough thing. It depends on the novel. For myself I look forward to the time when, the present dislike of costume having been overcome, all the great novels of our literature are shown on the screen. I hope, however, that the scenarios which must be prepared for

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this purpose will be devised by a writer who is not only acquainted with the technique of the film but is also a man of letters and of taste.

But in my opinion all this in relation to the screen is by the way. I venture to insist that the technique of writing for the pictures is not that of writing for the stage nor that of writing a novel. It is something betwixt and between. It has not quite the freedom of the novel, but it certainly has not the fetters of the stage. It is a technique of its own, with its own conventions, its own limitations, and its own effects. For that reason I believe that in the long run it will be found futile to adapt stories for the screen from novels or from plays—we all know how difficult it is to make even a passable play out of a good novel—and that any advance in this form of entertainment which may eventually lead to something artistic, lies in the story written directly for projection on the white sheet.

W. Somerset Maugham.

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LILULI: A TRIUMPH OF DISILLUSION

BY GERALDINE P. DILLA

Two master minds of this age—Hardy and Rolland—have given to the twentieth century two masterpieces. *The Dynasts* surveys all the universe—mankind and God (the Will), heaven and earth, and dispels all hopes except for the remote suggestion of the Pities in the closing chorus:

> But—a stirring thrills the air
> Like to sounds of joyance there
> That the rages
> Of the ages
> Shall be canceled and deliverance offered from the darts that were,
> Consciousness the Will informing, till It fashion all things fair!

Jean Christophe, not so perfect nor so colossal an achievement, still sums up all human experience in the history of one genius and thereby shows the futility of life, though not so openly but that a majority of its readers see it as a discoursive novel with a musician for its hero. Unconsciously, it seems, but no less frankly, M. Romain Rolland in *Colas Breugnon* presents an altogether different life history only to demonstrate again the futility of effort. But he did not stop there. The tragedy of *Jean Christophe* and the comedy of *Colas Breugnon* have their logical sequel in the farce of *Liluli*. This last is the brilliant, daring metamorphosis of current history into fantastic drama, just as *Jean Christophe* is current thought and life, and *Colas Breugnon* is medieval life. These three works of M. Rolland lead us to about the same conclusion—a disillusionment as keen though not as far reaching as does *The Dynasts:* for the latter is the poetic expression of the profound pessimism of a Saxon, whose disillusionment is cosmic, while these three prose works are the less unified expression of the Latin genius who, having seen both life and art steadily and seen them whole, is disgusted with our present civilization.

The production of the remarkable *Liluli* may be accounted for

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in two ways. We can say that it is merely the reaction from the agony of the war, as M. Rolland himself says *Colas Breugnon* was "a reaction from the tragic key of *Jean Christophe*." Indeed, in *The House*, Christophe and Olivier, after the panic of a European war had died down, are represented as engaged in a work that slightly prefigures *Liluli*. "In reaction against their recent gloomy thoughts they had begun to collaborate in a Rabelaisian epic. It was colored by that broad materialism which follows on periods of moral stress. To the legendary heroes—Gargantua, Friar John, Panurge—Olivier had added, on Christophe's inspiration, a new character, a peasant, Jacques Patience, simple, cunning, sly, . . . who said: 'I know that you [Panurge] will go on playing your tricks on me: you don't take me in; but I can't do without you: you drive away the spleen and make me laugh.'"[1] But in *Liluli*, written during the last year of the war, the peasant, the laughter, as well as all the others, are completely crushed.

It seems more likely, however, that *Liluli* was not written as mere amusement for its author or readers, but is the sparkling presentation of a most sombre idea. The quotation from *Colas Breugnon* that prefaces this play is illuminating here: "Laughter does not prevent me from suffering; but to suffer will never prevent a real Frenchman from laughing. And whether he laugh or shed tears—first of all, he's got to see!" Is not *Liluli* the work to make us see—to make us see our civilization as it really is?

As Polichinello says, "Laughter is a weapon against illusion,"[2] though in his case it finally loses its power when even the laugher is buried under the cataract of debris in the end. Perhaps the key to this apparent contradiction is in the rebuke of Truth to Polichinello when he refuses to follow her to the stake or the scaffold: "You can laugh and make fun, but behind your hand like a school-boy. Like your great fathers, the great Polichinellos, the masters of free irony and laughter, like Erasmus and Voltaire, you are prudent, prudent; your big mouth closes down on your snigger. . . . Fine fellows to look at, my lovers! . . . My love for them makes them free, but me they leave captive.

[1] *Jean Christophe*, vol. III, p. 458.
[1] *Liluli*, *p. 40*.

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. . . Ah, you don't love me, you don't know how to love Truth; you only love yourselves, you wouldn't risk a hair to deliver me. . . . Ah! When will the lover come, the great all-conquering Laugh, who shall rouse me once more to life with the sound of his roaring?"[1] In fact the only hope in this drama—the only promise of relief or improvement for the state of civilization that it depicts—is the coming of the great all-conquering Laugh, the real lover of Truth.

Just here it is interesting to note what M. Rolland says in his essay on "Shakespeare the Truthteller" translated in a recent number of the *Dial:*

> One of the points on which men of all times have been in accord is the platonic love they profess for truth, and the very real fear they have of it. Man does not bear willingly universal criticism, the too sincere vision that depreciates the world, this "nutshell" where he lives. Secretly, he dislikes whoever prevents him from dozing on the pillow of illusions. He knows well they are illusions; once in a way he consents to be reminded of this,—but suddenly, only in passing, with laughter, without insisting. In order to have man accept her, truth must equip herself with a mask—symbol or paradox. In order to have him accept her, truth must appear a lie.

Now what does *Liluli* make us see? What truth of value does this drama give us? *Jean Christophe* is the epic of racial congeniality; it demonstrates the essential need of both Teutonic and Latin elements, the identity of the highest interests of both. For instance, Christophe "felt the mutual completion which the two races could give each other, and how lame and halting were the spirit, the art, the action of each without the help of the other." He "realized the absurdity of moral frontiers between the honest men of different nationalities." His "destiny . . . was to carry through the hostile peoples, like an artery, all the forces of life of the two sides of the river [Rhine]." *Liluli* is the comedy that presents the same idea in a lighter guise. The two peasants, the two idealistically minded youths, the same God in two costumes, and the two crowds—they are nearly the same in essence.

But here we must note the difference that M. Rolland shows between the two races. In the epic treatment of his theme, he

[1] *Liluli, p. 68.*

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writes: "In France he [Christophe] had the joy of better knowledge and mastery of himself. Only in France was he wholly himself." "The conquests of Louis XIV gave Europe the splendor of French reason. What light has the Germany of Sedan given to the world? The glitter of bayonets? Thought without wings, action without generosity, brutal realism, which has not even the excuse of being the realism of healthy men; force and [self] interest: Mars turned bagman." In the drama *Liluli*, we see that the Gallipoulets and the Hurluberloches treat Truth differently. The first crowd gag Truth, but allow her to see things clearly; and her bonds are not so strong but that she succeeded once in breaking them and disclosing herself to the people, who appear to like her, although Master God keeps all but a few daring persons from beholding Truth. She is revered as an idol; and while she is tied down to her seat, it is done with respect. But the Hurluberloches blindfold Truth and envelop her with coverings until she appears as a condemned prisoner being led to the scaffold. Then the fate of the two youths is different: Altair is kept by Liluli (Illusion) in order that he may suffer more; while Antares dies; in other words, the idealistic youth of the Hurluberloches (the Teutons) is crushed in the struggle.

If these distinctions seem too weak for the work of a Frenchman, that is, not unfavorable enough to the Germans, we should recall the purpose of *Liluli*. The play is addressed first of all to men of M. Rolland's own nation; it satirizes especially French vices and failings. Like Mr. Bernard Shaw, M. Rolland knows best the faults of his own people, and he has the sometimes dangerous courage to make an exhibit of all these short-comings before not only his fellow-countrymen but the world also. What Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells have been doing for England, M. Rolland does for France. But while *Jean Christophe* makes specific analyses of the racial characters, *Liluli* more often generalizes. Other people than the French may well ponder over the weaknesses of thought, life, and character ascribed to the Gallipoulets, for these are merely the incisively drawn types applicable to all modern civilized nations.

If more is needed to show that *Liluli* is a logical successor to *Jean Christophe* and *Colas Breugnon*, a sublimated essence of the

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disillusion that colors these other works of M. Rolland, then we should consider the ideas of each book that are shown to be illusions in the end. In *Jean Christophe* the loves, the marriages, the children are all unsatisfactory; the civilization of four generations is reviewed, but only doubtful improvement can be discerned in the later ones; the music that Christophe devotes his life to create is misunderstood and unappreciated; this genius at last declares that "Art is the shadow that man casts upon Nature. . . . Our music is an illusion." Even the laugher Breugnon, a creative artist of a different though no less true type, who spends his life in sincere work because he loved to create beauty and because he wanted to preserve always his independence, finds at last all his work destroyed and himself the broken object of the charity he has always striven against. True it is that Breugnon seems to have created a soul in his little apprentice; but what assurance have we that a better fate awaits the next bearer of the torch?

Now in *Liluli* Altair and Antares are the simplified types of Olivier and Christophe. What does Altair find his ideals really are? Life is a headless monster; Liberty, a slave-driver; Fraternity, a cannibal; Love, a snivelling idiot; Reason, blind; the Church, an organization of dervish-imposters; God, a selfish master of Truth, a time-serving politician, and a fetish-monger! The play itself is most unusual in its completeness, for it omits no ideal nor idol of our present civilization, nor any important type of our humanity. It is remarkable in scope and at the same time in its apparent artlessness, which, like the ironical naïvete of Anatole France, are the result of a most carefully wrought design and a finished art.

In *Jean Christophe* and in *Colas Breugnon* there is some hope, some light: in *Liluli* there is practically none. Has M. Rolland then evolved a social philosophy that in darkness rivals Mr. Hardy's conception of the universe? If he has, then *Liluli* is an adequate expression of his idea. If not, then one may justify this latest work by a statement from his earlier: "Skepticism and faith are no less necessary. Skepticism, riddling the faith of yesterday, prepares the way for the faith of tomorrow."

GERALDINE P. DILLA.

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RECENT AMERICAN BIOGRAPHIES AND LETTERS[1]

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

I HAVE heard all my life that the age of letter-writing has passed. We are too busy now, they said, to write letters. The shorthand secretaries, the typewriter, the telephone, made letter-writing unnecessary. There is no more leisure for calm reflection or for well-ordered composition. Can you picture to yourself Horace Walpole talking into a dictagraph? Could Madame de Sévigné, queen of the realm of epistolary correspondence, have allowed herself to be hurried in order to catch the next mail collection?

Happily, however, the predictions of the pessimists have not come true. Just as down to July 1914, good persons gave a dozen unanswerable reasons why there could never be another war, so the arguments against the survival of letter-writing were clear, cogent, unanswerable—and untrue. In both cases only one thing was lacking—the Fact. The argument was perfect, but the Fact did not bear it out.

In looking over a few of the Biographies with letters which have recently appeared, I am impressed by this truth. I doubt whether any other similarly brief period has witnessed the publication of more or better letters. We find no equivalents, perhaps, to Walpole's carefully premeditated sketches of English social life and manners in the eighteenth century, or of Thomas Gray's delicate vignettes of foreign travel, so restrained in their emotion, so perfect in their culture, so high-bred. But though

[1] *A Cycle of Adams Letters, 1861–65;* ed. by Worthington Chauncey Ford. Boston and New York. *Houghton Mifflin Co.*

Letters to A Niece; by Henry Adams. *Houghton Mifflin Co.*

Theodore Roosevelt and His Time; by Joseph Bucklin Bishop. N. Y. *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

The Life of Joseph Hodges Choate; by Edward Sanford Martin. N. Y. *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

The Letters of Henry James; selected and edited by Percy Lubbock. N. Y. *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

The Letters of William James; edited by his son Henry James. Boston. *The Atlantic Monthly Press.*

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we lack these we have our compensations. The rôle of the nineteenth century epistolographers begins with Byron, and who has equalled, much less surpassed him in the special range of his art where he excelled?

Letters worth printing and reading may be of several different kinds. They may reveal, for instance, the traits and nature of a rare character. The writer may have been a public personage, so that his letters will have a more or less historical interest. Or in their workmanship, or style they may be so excellent as to live on the strength of that. Most persons write routine or informational letters. Contrasted with these writers are those endowed, if not overweighted, with temperament. You recognize at once the difference between those who describe things seen and things felt. The charm of Lord Byron lies in the spontaneity with which he pours out opinions, passions, emotions, with a vital phrase or an unforgettable epithet. Sir Walter Scott, on the other hand, seems often merely to have sent pages from a descriptive chapter of one of his novels.

The essentials of all letters of whatever class are spontaneity and the personal touch. These two qualities may even suffice to keep letters alive. We reluct, instinctively, against letters which are not spontaneous, letters in which the writer indulges in flowery diction or artificial sentiment. Few modern letters have appealed to more readers than have those of Robert Louis Stevenson; but I cannot rid myself of the impression that they are seldom, if ever, spontaneous. Stevenson was almost obsessed by the desire to be literary. Therefore, if he were sending only a hasty note on a commonplace subject, he would take care to make it literary, premeditated. Very different from Byron who never considered whether the public was looking over his shoulder or not; whereas Stevenson seems always to have had in mind that whatever he wrote would be printed. You must judge such literary letters, therefore, as you would judge imaginary correspondence, like Montesquieu's "*Lettres Persanes.*"

Among books which I wish to consider here, I will choose first *A Cycle of Adams Letters, 1861–1865,* because the Adams family ranks easily first among those who have most enriched American epistolary correspondence. "My grandfather, John Quincy

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Adams," I once heard the late Charles F. Adams remark, with a characteristic mock indignation, "had the terrible diary habit." And so true is this that the published diaries and letters of the family extending through four generations, would now easily fill a twenty-foot bookshelf. Before John Quincy Adams came his father and mother John and Abigail, and after him were his son Charles Francis, the great Minister to England, and then his sons, Charles Francis Jr., and Henry.

The men of the newer generations seem to have formed themselves on John Quincy Adams, who learned from eighteenth century models—the men who caught something of Dr. Johnson's magisterial style, but rarely showed traces of his wit. This style became the accepted dialect of State papers and diplomacy. You could be very accurate in it but you could neither be light nor brief. Your sentences required plenty of room to deploy themselves in. J. Q. Adams, from long practice, limbered a little, and the tendency to unstiffen easily traceable in him, becomes marked in his son Charles Francis. The latter, in the *Cycle of Letters* which Mr. Worthington C. Ford has selected, is a fine example of those among his contemporaries who were educated about 1830. He writes from London, where he was American Minister throughout the Civil War, and his letters are addressed to his son Charles F. who was fighting in the Union Army at home. He has that tendency to moralize, that sense of obligation to give didactic advice, which belonged to the solid men of his time. Thus, in replying to a very racy letter, he says: "We were sufficiently edified by your report of the conferences with various parties in authority. I am not much surprised by it. Human patience is not great. . . . It is an excellent thing to cultivate good manners as a habit, for thus comes an artificial rein on the passions that benefits all parties almost equally." (II, 197.) Sometimes, the Minister describes the political situation as he sees it in London, or some of the public men with whom he is thrown. In sum, the Minister's correspondence supplies many interesting and a few important facts about his diplomatic labors during the four years when he held the American Union outpost in Europe. We admire his steady judgment. Even in crises where a rupture seemed imminent and

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unavoidable he did not lose his nerve, and his prophecies came true much oftener than did those of the young men who were more easily swayed by the portents of the hour.

His sons' letters may be read in either of two ways: you may read them as you would any narrative, for the incidents and information which they contain; or you may read them for the revelations which they give of their writers. Charles at twenty-six, and Henry at twenty-three, were already potentially the men whom the world has known by their after-careers and by their autobiographies; but Charles at least, leaves a more pleasing impression on one in these pages, which he wrote without any autobiographic intention, than he did in his actual Autobiography in which, at eighty, he painted the portrait of himself which he wished men to regard as true. I know of no officer of our Civil War whose correspondence from the field compares with his in entertainment. He describes everything—the humdrum of daily life, the chance happening of the hour, the rumors that flitted through the camp, his opinions on his subordinates and on his superiors, the blunders made and the difficulties ahead. His keen and active mind speculated on the larger aspect of the war and on the practical questions of strategy and logistics. He possessed in full measure the Adams characteristic of speaking out, which has marked the family for a hundred and fifty years. In another person it would have required courage to utter his criticisms but an Adams would have been ashamed of himself if he had dignified by the name of courage what was the obvious thing to say.

The letters between Charles F., Jr., and Henry are filled with strong affection, without which, the brothers could not have continued to assail each other as frankly as they did, and remain friends. Throughout life they not only agreed to disagree in their opinions, but they seemed to delight each in telling the other just what he thought of him for holding that opinion. I doubt whether either would have allowed a third person to criticize his brother so roundly. Already, in 1862, Charles regarded Henry as a poseur, an opinion which he held to the end. But he duly appreciated Henry's keen intellect and enjoyed his wit even when it seemed to him cynical. Listen to this searching analysis

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of Henry, which Charles, just approaching Port Royal for active service, sent to him:

You set up for a philosopher. You write letters *a la* Horace Walpole; you talk of loafing round Europe; you pretend to have seen life. Such twaddle makes me feel like a giant Warrington talking to an infant Pendennis. *You* 'tired of this life!' *You* more and more 'callous and indifferent about your own fortunes!' Pray how old are you and what has been your career? You graduate and pass two years in Europe, and witness by good luck a revolution. You come home and fall upon great historic events and have better chances than any young man to witness and become acquainted with them. You go abroad while great questions are agitated in a position to know all about them. Fortune has done nothing but favor you and yet you are 'tired of this life.' You are beaten back everywhere before you are twenty-four, and finally writing philosophical letters you grumble at the strange madness of the times and haven't even faith in God and the spirit of your age. What do you mean by thinking, much less writing such stuff? 'No longer any chance left of settled lives and Christian careers!' Do you suppose the world is coming to an end now? Hadn't you better thank God that your lot is cast in great times? How am I throwing myself away? Isn't a century's work of my ancestors worth a struggle to preserve? Am I likely to do so much that it won't do for me to risk my precious life in this great struggle? Come—no more of this. Don't get into this vein again, or if you do, keep it to yourself. . . . We shall come out all right and if we don't, the world will. Excuse me if I have been rough, but it will do you good. (January 1862. I, 100, 101.)

To follow the frank give and take between the brothers is a point of unfailing interest in this Cycle of Letters.

Henry Adams's *Letters to A Niece* have autobiographic value of two kinds. Some of the letters show him at the top of his style, and they all reveal that side of him which made him dear to children. Persons who have formed their opinion of Henry Adams from his *Education* and nothing else, think of him as a cynic or as a man of Voltairean wit. Few know that he was the peculiar and unique "Uncle Henry" of the children of several families—those of his brothers John and Charles Francis, those of John Hay, and of the Hoopers, who were his wife's nieces. Mrs. Bancel LaFarge, to whom most of the letters in this small collection were written, was one of the children who found the way to "Uncle Henry's" heart, and for whom he was an unfailing source of fun and information. His letters to her from the South Seas are very beautiful, giving not only descriptions of things

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seen, but also of the atmosphere of places visited. In the sympathetic introduction prefixed to the volume, Mrs. LaFarge, who is a Roman Catholic, perhaps unintentionally, leaves on the reader the impression that Henry Adams was at heart almost if not wholly a Roman Catholic. Nothing could be further from the truth. As a historian, he understood the place which that religion had occupied in human development, and through his historic imagination he has given in *Mont St. Michel and Chartres* the most exquisite and emotional glorification of the Virgin in English, or perhaps any language; but he was no more a believer in Roman Catholicism than was Voltaire or Leopardi, or any of the other pretended converts. Mrs. LaFarge publishes in this volume Henry Adams's Hymn to the Virgin and to the Dynamo, in which we may suspect he characteristically wished to give an example of the cosmic irony with which life abounds and which he made it his business to describe.

These letters and the poem cannot be overlooked by any one who desires to know all the elements of Henry Adams's genius.

Theodore Roosevelt and His Time, by Joseph Bucklin Bishop, has whatever importance attaches to the fact that it is the "official biography" of a great man. Very often "official" lives are not finally accepted as the true lives, and I cannot believe that this one will be. But as it contains a large number of Roosevelt's letters on the public events with which he was connected, it must always remain the first source or quarry from which readers and later historians will draw.

That this method of arranging a public man's letters is not equivalent to, or can ever take the place of a first-rate biography, Mr. Bishop's work will forever bear witness. If you doubt my statement, compare *Theodore Roosevelt and His Time* with John Morley's *Life of Gladstone*. Morley had an even greater mass of material to sift and put in order; but as he was a born biographer—next to Sir George Trevelyan, the chief British master of the art in our time—he constructed a large, dignified and symmetrical edifice. Mr. Bishop, however, not having either by nature or by training a biographer's endowment, raises no edifice, but leaves his material heaped up in separate blocks awaiting

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the coming of a builder. The connecting passages by which he joins one episode to another do not rise in thought or in style above the level of respectable journalism. After all, a journalist who waits until he is over seventy, before he begins to practise biography has a serious handicap.

The first, the essential truth for a biographer to cleave to is that a man's life is continually flowing from birth to death like a river. Unless the biographer gives the impression of motion forward, he falls short very seriously. No mere crowded assembling of a lot of episodes can be a substitute for the fluent narrative. Mr. Bishop does not always choose wisely. Perhaps it was justifiable in order to pique the society curiosity of magazine readers to insert the chapter on "Roosevelt and Royalties" when the material was first printed in a magazine, but most of the contents are trivial, and some of the royal letters would not have been printed if their authors had been plain John Jones and Peter Hogan. I remember that in the middle of the Great War when I happened to be at Sagamore Hill, Roosevelt handed me three autograph letters which he had recently received from three European kings. "Read these," he said to me in substance; "but don't mention them or else the public would accuse me of being cocky at having kings for correspondents." The letters written on delicately tinted paper with conspicuous monograms and slightly perfumed, contained nothing of importance.

The quality which most attracts in Mr. Bishop is the sincerity of his devotion to Roosevelt. Of Roosevelt's letters themselves what shall I say? I do not remember any which leaves any doubt as to its meaning. They show that his mental energy never flagged and that he had the faculty of bringing his whole mind to bear on whatever subject he was dealing with. Inevitably, in order to keep up with the immense correspondence which poured incessantly upon him, he had to resort to dictation, and dictation is the tomb of style. Had he had more time, he would have written more compactly, and by so doing he would in some cases have avoided looseness of tissue. But taking the mass as a whole, it is a worthy expression of its writer, and that is essential in the best letters of any writer who happens to be

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also a genius. I need not dilate upon the value, both biographical and historical, which these letters possess.

Mr. Edward Sanford Martin, who has assembled the *Life of Joseph Hodges Choate*, "chiefly from his letters" has been known for a long time to the readers of *Life*, as a clear and pungent writer, a kindly wit, and a man of illuminated common sense. One would have thought of him, therefore, as well qualified to write the biography of Mr. Choate, and his actual performance does not disappoint expectation. Having the definite purpose to allow, so far as the documents permit, Mr. Choate to tell his own story, Mr. Martin keeps himself more in the background, perhaps, than was necessary. It is natural, I suppose, for any one who has lived in the very throb of New York life for forty years, to take it for granted that allusions to persons and places in Gotham would be as readily understood by readers in Walla Walla or in Tombstone, or even in Boston, as by those in the metropolis itself. The absence of sufficient footnotes and of explanations of local events, is the chief point which I should criticize adversely in Mr. Martin's work.

Part of Mr. Martin's first volume is devoted to a reprint of Mr. Choate's Autobiography, which he wrote shortly before he died and covers about the first thirty years of his life—an interesting fragment with recollections of Salem, Massachusetts in the 'thirties and 'forties of the last century, and of Harvard College during the presidency of Jared Sparks, and of the experiences of a young lawyer beginning practice in New York City in the 'fifties. Before Choate's marriage in 1861 Mr. Martin draws chiefly on his letters to his Mother. After that event, his source is the letters to Mrs. Choate, uninterrupted for more than fifty years, and supplemented later by letters to his children. The result is, a complete revelation of Mr. Choate by himself, and seldom, so far as I recall, has so intimate a family portrait of a prominent man been compiled. We see Choate as he saw himself and as he revealed himself to his dearest intimates.

Some readers may complain that we should like to know not only how his wife and mother and children knew him but how also outsiders or closest friends saw him. But although Choate

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had many friends in many cities, he does not seem to have kept up a regular correspondence with any of them. Such a correspondence as gives not only items of news and external happenings, but records convictions and opinions from the deeps of a man's life. Nevertheless, Mr. Martin somewhat fills this gap by quoting remarks on Choate from his associates at the Bar, and his fellow workers in other interests. We see unmistakably, therefore, what a dominant citizen Choate was from before his thirtieth year until his death. As a lawyer, a member of the great firm of which William M. Evarts was the head, he had charge of several of the most famous cases of his time. He served on innumerable committees, civic, charitable, political and artistic, and he helped to revise the Constitution of New York State. Among his triumphs was his prosecution of Tammany and the Tweed Ring in 1871.

Almost half of the second volume is taken up with Choate's life in London as American Ambassador, from 1899 to 1905. You will find few revelations of historical importance, but instead a running commentary by a brilliant observer of diplomatic affairs and especially of English high life. Interspersed among this material, also, are citations from some of Mr. Choate's addresses delivered in England.

He came home to enjoy more than ten years of a happy old age, and when the Great War broke out in 1914, he lifted his voice against the atrocities of the Germans and the supineness of the American Government under President Wilson. It seems a singularly appropriate ending to his long career that he lived to welcome Mr. Balfour, head of the British Mission to the United States, when he came to New York City in May 1917. Mr. Choate went through every detail of his programme with spirit and with every satisfaction. "Remember," he said to Mr. Balfour, as they parted after the service in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, "we shall meet again to celebrate the victory." Three days later, he died.

Fifty years ago, when Americans spoke the name of Choate, they referred to Rufus Choate. To most of us now the name means Joseph Hodges Choate, Fortune's darling if ever there was one.

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The *Letters of Henry James* have had the good fortune to fall into the hands of an editor both sympathetic and competent, Mr. Percy Lubbock. Mr. Lubbock furnishes all the information necessary and he has certainly chosen the letters that best illustrate Mr. James's development in literary style and in character. Perhaps he has not drawn sufficiently from the letters which illustrate certain important sides of James's nature and of his varying attitude towards England.

Among American writers, Henry James is the only one who seemed to make a parade of obscurity. These letters confirm, what was long ago discernible in his books, that his attempts to be involved and strange are deliberate; but you must do him the justice to believe that he adopted his method, not to excite a vulgar sensation, but because he thought that by it he could best express himself. If you read Henry James when he was young—when he contributed sketches and essays and reviews to the New York *Nation*, or wrote his first stories—you find nothing unusual in his manner. He was more than fifty years old before he had succeeded with infinite pains, in bringing the style which was peculiarly his own, to perfection. Perhaps it is not fair to imply that he deliberately chose to write obscurely, in order to arouse vulgar astonishment; for he had, as these letters show, an almost pathological desire to record the most minute or finical or casual impressions. He was the Master of *nuance* in our time. Flaubert used to be acclaimed by the preachers of "Art for Art's sake" because he rolled upon the floor, and groaned, and wept when he could not think of just the fitting adjective to serve his purpose. It is not reported that Henry James went through similarly absurd antics in his search for a desired *nuance*. But sometimes in reading him we feel that he was too preoccupied with these matters. Instead of rolling on the floor and groaning and tearing his hair, however, he avoided his difficulty by a plain dodge—he strung six or eight adjectives in a row and left the reader to choose. He even followed one string by another string of adjectives of opposite meaning, or color. The Letters prove that all was carefully premeditated.

To be frank, I am not qualified to criticize James's later novels, for I never got beyond *The Golden Bowl*, and I gave that

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up early in the first volume. But his style encumbered not his fiction alone, but all his work. Nearly twenty years ago, in reviewing his *Life of William Wetmore Story*, one of the most disloyal biographies I ever read, because the biographer devotes the larger part of his text to himself, and the smaller to his subject, I wrote:

> Such writing approaches painfully near to intellectual locomotor ataxia—first a shuffle forward by the space of two or three words, then a comma for pause, then the shuffle forward and another comma, and at the end of the toilsome trip one wonders what it was all about. If this were an unavoidable disease by which Mr. James has been attacked, we should pity him, and say nothing; but it is, as any one who has followed his degeneration can verify, the result of a deliberate attempt to have 'style.' It is artificiality, prepense, literary foppery,—grimaces, gestures, powdering, and rouging done before a mirror. Like all affectation it is suicidal.

Readers who wish to verify for themselves the transformation in Henry James's style, will find ample means to do so. About 1890, being chagrined by the almost widespread lack of recognition which his novels had received from the public, he determined, after issuing *The Tragic Muse*, to abandon fiction and to devote himself to play-writing. He planned to make the experiment thorough and scientific, and, indeed, he wrote five or six plays during the following five years. He told his brother William, enthusiastically, that he had found his proper form of expression. But, at the final account, only two of his plays had been put on the stage and these had enjoyed no real public triumph. With reluctance, and greatly depressed he brought himself to acknowledge that he had mistaken his vocation. The stuff that drama is made of is passion, and this must be expressed passionately. The search for adjectives, the straining after *nuances* cannot simulate passion. In the James novels, persons required to be dressed in certain garments, or the episodes to be staged very carefully, but as the passion of Othello concerns the soul, the color of his turban does not matter. Henry James had so long pursued externals, that he had lost contact with the deep realities which are internal. William warned him in the early days against the flimsiness of the substance of his stories, and he admitted it, but said that he did not wish to use up the great

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subjects before he had perfected his style. But when he supposed that he had reached this point, he was not equal to tackling the great subjects.

After the failure of his plays he returned to writing novels. But instead of accepting the verdict of the public that his earlier works and his plays were too entangled to be popular, he now, and to the end of his life, elaborated his style which became still more involved and impossible. By what paradox was it that Henry James, who knew modern French literature more intimately than did any other novelist writing in English, missed the chief glory of the French language, which is clarity, and ended in the clumsy obscurity, which is German?

The second volume of the *Letters* embodies his later style—that "third manner" which his brother William has criticized once for all. The last ten years are sad years. Persons who thought of Henry James as one of the chief literary figures of our time, will be surprised to learn that he was much more talked about than read. That while he had staunch and even fanatical admirers they were few in number, and that he felt keenly his failure to capture popularity. Much illness and the loss of several intimate friends—including his two brothers, William and Robertson—added to the depression of this period. At times he became so self-centred that we weary of reading him. But he had a large and genuine source of affection, and evidently those who were near him were under the spell of his charm. He was most generous in recognizing the young authors and he praised extravagantly, as it seems to me, some of those whose works delighted him. Kipling alone, among the new men, he disparaged or ignored, but Kipling was the one among them all who had what James lacked, passion and the power of direct simple speech. What a difference it might have made in Henry James's productions after 1890, if a few drops of Kipling's blood could have been transfused into him!

The last letters, covering the first two years of the Great War, are a most distressing threnody. Henry James felt the tragedy in which Good and Evil were in a death grapple. He felt the shame of the American Administration which kept America, the God-ordained champion of Democracy, from going to the aid of

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European Democracies. Shortly before his death he renounced his American allegiance, and became a British subject, thereby bravely bearing witness to his sense of justice and morality.

Interesting and even important as the works which I have glanced at undoubtedly are, the *Letters of William James* are the one real addition to American literature. First, they prove William James to be the best of American letter-writers, and next, they add to our gallery of American celebrities an amazingly lifelike portrait of a great man. In what other collection of Letters shall we find a writer so swift, so vivid, so varied and so spontaneous? James reveals to us all his moods, his likes and dislikes, his communing with the universe, his fun. Unintentionally, he writes his autobiography, in which we trace his intellectual development; not, of course, in a logical step-by-step narrative, but in rapid and vigorous confessions from period to period.

From the first he exhibited an insatiate curiosity. He had an intuitive conviction that he must never be satisfied until he found the occupation for which his talents fitted him, and in which he could expand to the full capacity of his powers. So he watched his growth to see whether he was getting and doing as much spiritually and intellectually as he believed he ought. At twenty-three he went on the expedition to the Amazon with Louis Agassiz—a marvelous opportunity for a young naturalist: but when he found that the work which came to him was not sufficiently connected with what he regarded as his special field, he was for leaving Agassiz's party and returning to Cambridge.

But even when prevented from devoting himself to his first choice, he discovered, as most young men do who are destined to go far in life, how to make the most of the second best. Young genius thrives better on half a loaf of bread than on cake. For several years he had also the stern discipline of ill health which was so persistent that he almost despaired of looking forward to a life of work and usefulness. Nevertheless, he did improve, he was able to attend the Harvard Medical School, and he pursued his studies in zoölogy. This led, by perfectly natural stages, to investigations of the relations between the physiological and

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the psychological worlds. It would not be correct to say that the subject of psychology was like the Sleeping Beauty, and that William James was the Prince who came and awakened her; for he was not, of course, the pioneer. But through his criticism of what other psychologists were unfolding, and through his own investigations, he notably extended the limits of the science, and, when he was little more than forty years old, he was regarded as one of its chief living masters.

His attitude towards metaphysics was particularly characteristic and modern. He found that the discussions of metaphysicians and philosophers circled round assumptions which had been so often repeated that they were taken for granted. Men talked gravely and even reverently of the "Absolute," as if it rested on evidence as undoubted and as demonstrable as does that of the Multiplication Table. His own habit of accepting nothing but of testing everything, led him naturally to the doctrine of Pragmatism which he preached in his later years. Through his letters you see how he passed from stage to stage until he reached his final goal. A few of the letters may seem hard to readers unaccustomed to the *patois* of psychology, but they are in reality remarkably untechnical and unpedantic, and written in James's fresh, clear diction. In one of his essays he spoke of a young woman who was described as "bottled lightning"; that description would apply to his correspondence which simply embodies himself.

I must not pass over one very important trait which shines through these letters and was the Morning Star of William James's life—family affection. There is nothing more beautiful, so far as I know, among the letters of great men, than the last letter which William in London wrote to his father, dying in Cambridge. It ends: "Good night, my sacred old Father. If I don't see you again—Farewell! A blessed Farewell!" (Dec. 14, 1882. I, 220.) For a specimen of a very different kind, displaying James in a whimsical mood, read an inimitable letter to Mrs. Henry Whitman (June 16, 1895, II, pp. 20–22).

His affection for his brother Henry never slackened, in spite of Henry's long exile in England, his utterly different view of life, his alienation from America and from the ideals which the

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brothers had grown up in together. William, the elder, and the real genius, stood in admiration and awe of Henry, the younger brother, the pet of a small but influential literary clique. No better criticism of Henry James's affected style has ever been made than appears in the following passage in a letter of May 4, 1907 from William to Henry:

. . . I've been so overwhelmed with work, and the mountain of the *Unread* has piled up so, that only in these days have I really been able to settle down to your 'American Scene,' which in its peculiar way seems to me *supremely great*. You know how opposed your whole 'third manner' of execution is to the literary ideals which animate my crude and Orson-like breast, mine being to say a thing in one sentence as straight and explicit as it can be made, and then to drop it forever; yours being to avoid making it straight, but by dint of breathing and sighing all round and round it, to arouse in the reader who may have had a similar perception already (Heaven help him if he hasn't!) the illusion of a solid object, made (like the 'ghost' at the Polytechnic) wholly out of impalpable materials, air and the prismatic interferences of light, ingeniously focussed by mirrors upon empty space. But you *do* it, that's the queerness! And the complication of innuendo and associative reference on the enormous scale to which you give way to it does so *build out* the matter for the reader that the result is to solidify, by the mere bulk of the process, the like perception from which *he* has to start. As air, by dint of its volume, will weigh like a corporeal body; so his own poor little initial perception, swathed in this gigantic envelopment of suggestive atmosphere, grows like a germ into something vastly bigger and more substantial. But it's the rummest method for one to employ systematically as you do nowadays; and you employ it at your peril. In this crowded and hurried reading age, pages that require such close attention remain unread and neglected. You can't skip a word if you are to get the effect, and 19 out of 20 worthy readers grow intolerant. The method seems perverse: 'Say it *out*, for God's sake,' they cry, 'and have done with it.' And so I say now, give us *one* thing in your older directer manner, just to show that, in spite of your paradoxical success in this unheard of method, you *can* still write according to accepted canons. Give us that interlude; and then continue like the 'curiosity of literature' which you have become. For gleams and innuendoes and felicitous verbal insinuations you are unapproachable, but the *core* of literature is solid. Give it to us *once* again! The bare perfume of things will not support existence, and the effect of solidity you reach is but perfume and simulacrum. (II, 277, 278.)

That is the way the James brothers—like the Adams brothers—spoke out to each other. Yet in spite of it, so far as appears, their affection suffered no change. Henry had probably long before this discounted William's critical opinion of his style,—

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see his letter of November 23, 1905 (II, 43)—and he made no effort to express himself lucidly. Why should he? His admirers continued to dote upon him just as gourmets cling to their favorite cheese, which repels persons of a natural healthy appetite.

I cannot overpraise the manner in which William's son, Henry, has edited these letters. He had wonderful material to dispose of, as any one can see who reads these volumes. But the material alone was not enough. A block of marble becomes through the skill of an artist a beautiful statue; in the hands of a tombstone cutter it remains a mere stone. Mr. Henry James possesses in high degree those two essentials of every artist—selection and taste. From what must be a large mass of his father's correspondence, he has chosen those letters and parts of letters which, when carefully joined in the mosaic of this work, result virtually in an autobiography. No episode, no trait, is unduly emphasized; each part helps towards the unity of the whole. Mr. Henry James himself is a remarkable writer, so unobtrusive that the reader is scarcely aware of the self repression required to furnish the passages which give the connecting links of biography. The notes are few and brief, but sufficient to supply the information needed in regard to persons, places or allusions. Mr. James carries into the third generation the literary distinction which he has inherited from his father and from his grandfather. He has introduced to the world a perpetually interesting, perpetually human American of genius.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

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MUSIC OF THE MONTH

SOME CELTIC MUSIC, OLD AND NEW

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

Oscar Wilde declared that the Irish are too poetical ever to be poets. It is a taking phrase, but no closer to the fact than Oscar ever cared to get. But if he had said that the Irish are too musical (using the word in its broadest sense) ever to be music-makers, he would have found himself in an amazing marriage with truth. For that is precisely the case with the Irish. It is one of the paradoxes of aesthetic history that the most lyrically sensitive of all peoples have produced no composer of the first —or even the second—rank. They came nearest to it when Ann McMurran, who was born near Belfast four generations ago, became the great-grandmother of Edward MacDowell—the first Celtic voice to speak commandingly out of musical art. But MacDowell was born on Clinton Street, New York, and his Celticism was intermixed with the spiritual traits of nineteenth-century America.

We have lately been reminded of these curious truths by the performance in New York of one of the relatively few attempts at a projection of the Celtic imagination that musical art can show—and the music came from a Scandinavian, not a Celtic, brain. We mean the old *Ossian* Overture of Niels W. Gade, which Mr. Mengelberg restored the other day to the New York concert list after a long period of quiescence.

Two years before Edvard Grieg arrived upon earth to become in time the chief of the Scandinavian romantic school, Gade, then a young man of twenty-four, sent a manuscript overture to the Copenhagen Music Society in competition for a prize. Wagner was then setting the wild northern seas to magnificent music (this was the year of *The Flying Dutchman*); Schumann was composing his first two symphonies; and the United States

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was living through the experience of having three Presidents within a space of four years. Life was very full.

As for the young Scandinavian romanticist, he won the Copenhagen Society's prize with his overture, *Nachklänge von Ossian* (Spohr was one of the judges); and he won, too, a royal stipend from King Christian VIII, and the favor of the god-like Mendelssohn, who performed the Overture at a Gewandhaus concert in Leipzig, and afterward took the young Dane under his immaculate wing. When Gade died, almost half a century later, he was, as Mr. Louis Elson points out, "the only musical Dane who had become world-famous . . . yet outside of Denmark his death caused scarcely a ripple."

Mr. Elson (he wrote warmly of Gade in the *Famous Composers* series) could not understand why this was. Did not Gade's "direct and pleasing melody, combined with symmetry of form," constitute a bulwark against that monster of hideous mein and poison breath: "the most modern music"—with its "vagueness and amorphous style," and its "soarings after the infinite"? For instead of calling Gade "Mrs. Mendelssohn," as was the ribald habit of some, Mr. Elson puts it far more beautifully: Gade, he says, reflects the style of that master [Mendelssohn], "when at all, in a most suave and gentle manner, as a moon might reflect the rays of a sun."

Mr. Edward Dannreuther is even handsomer: he confers upon Gade "a distinguished and amiable musical physiognomy; he has always had something to say for himself. . . . His musical speech is tinged with the cadences of Scandinavian folk song, and almost invariably breathes the spirit of northern scenery." As for Schumann, he thought that Gade presented "an entirely new type. It appears as if the nations bordering on Germany were trying to emancipate themselves from the leadership of German music. In the north of Europe, too, we have seen manifestations of national tendencies. The new school of gifted Scandinavian poets must have stimulated the local musicians, in case they were not reminded by the mountains and lakes, the rivers and the auroral displays, of the fact that the north is most decidedly entitled to a language of its own. Our young composer [Gade] was educated by the poets of his fatherland; . . .

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and Ossian's giant harp loomed up across the water from the English coast. Thus there is manifested in his music, for the first time, a decided and specific northern character."

Mr. H. T. Finck, who recalls this passage in his book on Grieg, alludes to Grieg's frequently quoted remark about "the Gade-Mendelssohn insipid Scandinavianism," and tells us that Grieg, in private letters to him, "regretted if he should have uttered such a sneer at Gade," whom he had always held "in the highest esteem." But Mr. Finck thinks that such a remark, if Grieg did make it, "would not have been wide of the mark, for Gade certainly does show the influence of Mendelssohn and other German composers much more than that of the Scandinavian folk-music." Yet Mr. Finck thinks that Gade has been shelved too soon: "his *Ossian* overture and one or two of his symphonies would even now give more pleasure to concert-goers than most of the contemporary products [this was said in 1909] of Germany and France, because he was a melodist as well as a colorist."

Mr. Elson observed that Gade was strongly influenced by "the songs of Ossian; and the poet who aroused the ire of Dr. Johnson awakened this musician of the north to the loftiest expression of emotion in the setting of his majestic thoughts in tones."

"The poet who aroused the ire of Dr. Johnson" was of course the Scotchman James Macpherson, who published in 1760-63 his cycle of poems purporting to be translations from the Gaelic of Ossian, the third-century bard and warrior of Celtic tradition. The conclusions of the best modern scholars appear to be that Macpherson was a resourceful but quite reckless liar; and they have shot his "translations" pitifully full of holes,—demonstrating that he confused his sources egregiously; that his third-century Ossian remembers Milton and the Bible; that the Gaelic text as disclosed represents only half of the alleged English equivalent. Nevertheless, as Professor Quiggin points out, "the worthlessness of Macpherson's work as a transcript of actual Celtic poems does not alter the fact that he produced a work of art which by the deep appreciation of natural beauty and the melancholy tenderness of its treatment of the ancient legend did more than any single work to bring about the romantic movement in European, and especially in German, literature."

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Ossian (or Ossin or Oisin[1]) "the golden-tongued," most famous bard of the western lands, was the legendary poet-warrior of third-century Ireland, and the chief hero of the second of the two great romantic cycles of the Gael—those embodying the poems and tales of the Fennian period. The ancient Gaelic world survives for us in two outstanding series of epic tales and poems. There is first the body of legends known as the "heroic cycle," which takes us back to about B. C. 50 and portrays the marvellous period of Cuculain the Unconquerable (mightiest of the heroes of the Gael), of Queen Meave, of Naesi, of the matchless Deirdré,—whose loveliness was such, so say the chroniclers, "that not upon the ridge of earth was there a woman so beautiful,"—of Fergus, and Laeg, and Connla the Harper, and those kindred figures, lovely or greatly tragical, that are like no others in the world's mythologies.

"Two hundred summers after the death of Cuculain the hero," says Charles Johnston in his superb history of Ireland, "came the great and wonderful time of Find, the son of Cumal, Ossin the son of Find, and Find's grandson Oscur. It was a period of growth and efflorescence; the spirit and imaginative powers of the people burst forth with the freshness of the prime. The life of the land was more united, coming to a national consciousness." This period (A. D. 200-290) is celebrated in the second of the two great cycles: the Fennian or Ossianic—tales "full of magic and wild prodigies," but conveying "the aroma of forest and the mountain heather; one hears the echo of the huntsman's horn, and sees the rude life of the *Dun*, and the deep drinking of the chief's ale-house. . . . As the epoch of Cuculain shows us our valor finding its apotheosis," says Johnston, "so shall we find in Ossin the perfect flower of our genius for story and song; for romantic life and fine insight into nature."

It is this antique world of stupendous passions and endeavors, of bards and heroes and immense adventure, that we are invited to recognize in any music that would call itself by such a title as "Ossian"—an imaginative world in which we should hear the clashing of shields and "the quiver of stretched bow-

[1] Or "Usheen," as Mr. W. B. Yeats calls him in the revised version of that magnificent Celtic Odyssey, *The Wanderings of Oisin* (1889; 1912).

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strings"; the war-songs of advancing hosts whose marching shakes the earth; the rumor of wild pagan nights, "when the Gael-strains chant themselves through the mist": music which should remember

> The swift innumerable spears
> The long-haired warriors, the spread feast,
> And love. . . .

and queens heroically passionate, full of splendor and sweetness, tragically beautiful as "a stormy sunset on doomed ships."

This world of pagan, sensuous, heroic beauty must have been in the mind of the youthful Gade when he conceived his rarely-heard overture. That he has, in his music, conveyed the sense of the Gaelic past: that he has "unbound the Island harp": that he has achieved the heroic beauty which is of the essence of the imaginative life of the pagan Celts, it would be absurd to pretend. This music is unrewarding to the imagination, trite and vapid in the ear, utterly colorless and flat.

It is easy to guess at the particular "programme" which Gade may have had in mind when he planned his overture. One might justifiably seek in it heroes and warfare and chanting harpers, and the loveliness of woman, and faëry enchantments, and the setting forth of hunters.

Perhaps Gade remembered one of the chief legends embodied in the Ossianic chronicles, wherein it is told how the poet-hero, while hunting by the River Feale, which flows westward to the sea from the mountains north of Killarney, "among gloomy caverns and ravines, passing through vales full of mysterious echoes amid misty hills," was lured to a cave by "certain ominous fair women," —demons of perilous loveliness,—and there held captive through the procession of the seasons and of the years, though not without those compensations to be expected in the circumstances; until Ossian, wearying of love, found a way to trick his captors: for daily he cut chips from his spear and sent them floating down the stream, till Find, his father, at last perceived them, and knew them as Ossian's, and came and delivered his son from durance among sweet ghosts.

In Mr. Yeats' *Wanderings of Oisin*, the hero relates to St.

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Patrick the tale of his three hundred years of wandering in fairy-land, where he was the lover of Niam—three centuries

Of dalliance with a demon thing.

In this poem of Mr. Yeats, Ossian is awakened to old memories out of his dream of love by discovering on the seashore the shaft of a broken lance that recalls to him forgotten human sorrows; yet he lingers on for several centuries longer ["the first hundred years," said Mr. Briggs, "are the hardest"] wandering over the world with Niam, before he returns to his own kind. Thereafter, fulfilling a magic prophecy of evil, he touches the ground by accident, falls from his horse, and becomes at once most horribly aged —"a creeping old man, full of sleep." He is brought before Saint Patrick, unrepentant and defiant, rejecting the promise of salvation, and declaring that he will join his pagan companions, "be they in flames or at feast."

In Gade's music, at least, Ossian does not end at a feast or in hell, but seemingly patterns after Mr. Yeats' young wanderer, and lies down again by the side of Niam in the long grass of the Island of Forgetfulness, where the trees drop slow silence and the dews spread peace, and

The red sun falls, and the world grows dim,

and the lovers sleep for a hundred years.—But all these things have failed to kindle the imagination of Gade. His music is as thin, as arid, as untouched by passion or glamor or heroic splendor, as if Ossian and Find and Niam had never sorrowed or loved or dreamed.

. . . . .

It would be hard to imagine a greater contrast to Gade's overture than the Chicago Symphony Orchestra offered us, at about the same time, during the recent visit to New York of that mature and mellowed and beautifully satisfying band and its admirable conductor, Mr. Stock. The Chicago band played here, for the first time, a symphonic poem, *The Garden of Fand*, by one of the younger and more adventurous clan of British music-makers, Arnold Bax. Bax is still under twenty-eight, a native of London, a modernist. He proved at once that in addition to being a modernist, he is also a poet, a dreamer, a spinner

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of shining tonal webs. And, best of all, he is, spiritually viewed, a musical Celt, despite his London origin. He has Gaelic blood in him, has lived in the West of Ireland, has consorted with the great men of the "Celtic Renaissance." He has composed much music of Irish content and coloring, of which we know only *The Garden of Fand.* In this tone-poem, we get the true tang and odor of Celtic poetry, for the first time in our musical experience since the unique MacDowell gave us his magnificent and valid *Keltic* Sonata twenty years ago—a score that, in its conveyance of the heroic note in the Celtic imagination, is still unapproached.

The music of Bax is in a different emotional world, though it is essentially and authentically Celtic. It is far more subtle, more delicate, more complex than MacDowell's; and it is saturated with that "Celtic magic" for which Arnold, in his famous *cliché*, taught us to look, but which is so rarely to be found in music. Bax, like MacDowell in his *Keltic* Sonata, has gone to the Cuchullin legends for his poetic material. As Mr. Felix Borowski reminded us in his excellent annotations for the Chicago Orchestra's performance, "Cuchullin, the Achilles of the ancient Irish, is a warrior of great prowess who, after a year's sickness, is lured from the world of battles and brave deeds by Fand, wife of Manannan, the Sea God. In the hour of his country's bitter need Cuchullin forgets duty and all else save the enchantments of an immortal woman. But Emer, Cuchullin's wife, follows the warrior to strive with the goddess for his love—strives successfully; for Fand takes pity upon Emer and renounces her mortal love, and Manannan, the Sea God, shakes his Cloak of Forgetfulness between Cuchullin and Fand, so that each is utterly blotted out in the memories of both."

As for Bax's music, the composer himself has expounded its poetical subject-matter.

"This tone poem," he says, "has no special relation to the events of the saga. The Garden of Fand is the sea itself. At the outset of the work the composer seeks to create the atmosphere of the enchanted Atlantic, utterly calm and still beneath a fairy spell. Upon its surface floats a small ship bearing a few human voyagers adventuring from the shores of Erin towards the sunset dream, as St. Brendan and the sons of O'Connor and Maeldune

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had adventured before them. The little craft is borne on beneath a sky of amethyst and pearl and rose, until, on the crest of an immense wave, it is cast onto the shores of Fand's miraculous island. Here in eternal sunlight unhuman revelry continues ceaselessly between the ends of time. The travelers are caught, unresisting, into the maze of the dance. A pause comes, and Fand sings her song of immortal love, claiming the souls of her hearers forever. The dancing and feasting begin again, and finally the sea, rising, overwhelms the whole island, the people of the Sidhe riding in rapture upon the ridges of the green and golden waves, and laughing carelessly amidst the foam at the fate of the over-rash mortals, lost forever in the unfathomable depths of ocean. The sea subsides again, the veils of twilight cloud the other world, and the Garden of Fand fades from our sight."

Bax has put all this upon his orchestra with singular poetic intensity, singular eloquence and beauty. He is, of course, a child of his time, and he cannot forget Debussy. But Debussy, admittedly, is hard to forget; and when we think of the manifold exquisiteness of Bax's score, we have not the heart to remind him that, as Meredith once mordantly observed, "our new thoughts have thrilled dead bosoms."

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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PROGRESS OF THE WORLD

One of the earliest important acts of President Harding's Administration was marked with a commendable and auspicious exercise of "team work" on the part of members of the Cabinet. The request of the Soviet dictators for resumption of commercial relations between America and Russia was first and quite logically considered by the Secretary of Commerce, who gave the scheme no encouragement on the ground that there was already freedom of trade between the two countries, that actual trade was impossible with a country which had nothing to sell and nothing with which to buy, and that the Soviet desire was really for political recognition. Critics of the Administration, mindful of the cross-purposes and antagonism that had prevailed between members of the preceding Cabinet and assuming that this one would do no better, were quick to exclaim that such judgment of the Secretary of Commerce would probably be overruled by the Secretary of State. But a day or two later Mr. Hughes, regarding the subject from the political and diplomatic point of view, reached precisely the same conclusion that Mr. Hoover had reached from the commercial point of view, and definitively rejected the Bolshevist overtures in one of the strongest and most impressive short notes ever issued from the State Department. There was in Mr. Hughes's note no word of unkindness toward the Russian people, nor even of resentment at the almost incredible impertinence of the Soviet message, which had practically suggested that as the late Democratic Administration had been unfriendly to Bolshevism, the new Republican Administration ought to cultivate its friendship. Such is the Soviet conception of diplomatic decency. President Harding's Administration is of course true to the best principles and traditions not only of American but of all enlightened diplomacy in keeping our foreign relations entirely apart from domestic partisanship, and in consistently maintaining the policy of its predecessor wherever—as

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conspicuously in this case—it was absolutely right and just. This episode was preceded by what purported to be a renunciation of Bolshevist propaganda by Nicolai Lenine and an acceptance by him of the bourgeoisie and capitalism as necessities of civilization; which was generally estimated to be nothing but a Bolshevist counsel of despair—the monkish pretences of a very sick Devil. Subsequent developments are cumulatively confirming that judgment.

An admirable beginning was made in dealings with our Southern neighbors in the prompt and decisive intervention of the Administration in the dispute between Costa Rica and Panama. Instead of abiding by an arbitral decision given years ago, those States began fighting over their undetermined boundary. An authoritative word from our Government was sufficient to stop hostilities, and Secretary Hughes's masterful exposition of the whole case convinced Costa Rica of the necessity, for honor's sake, of accepting the arbitral award as binding. Panama, unhappily, was less ready to do so, and President Porras took the extraordinary step of appealing to President Harding against the Secretary of State—just as though the latter's action had not of course been approved by the President before it was taken. President Harding's reply was a courteous and kindly but quite inflexible confirmation of Mr. Hughes's note. The argument of President Porras, that the arbitral award should be nullified because the Panaman Government did not like it, did not appeal to the Administration of a country which regards such awards as essentially binding upon winner and loser alike, and which on several notable occasions has without demur paid heavy judgments which arbitrators have levied against it.

Secretary Hughes's masterful note on Germany's responsibility for the war and her obligation to make indemnification for its losses serves two major purposes. It disposes effectively of the prolix camouflage with which the Berlin Government impertinently and disingenuously strove to persuade our Government that Germany was more sinned against than sinning, and it makes it unmistakably clear that in its attitude toward Germany,

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and its insistence upon holding her to account for the war, the United States stands with the Allies just as completely and as steadfastly as it did at Belleau Wood and in the Argonne. That Germany would persist, to a certain point, in dishonest attempts to evade her responsibilities under the Treaty of Versailles, was to be expected, though the insolence of some of her pretences and excuses is exceptionally brazen, even for her. In response to the notice that she would be expected to pay on or before May 1 something like eleven or twelve billion marks in gold, that being the unpaid remainder of the twenty billions which she was to pay, she said in effect that she did not owe such a sum, that if she did owe it she was unable to pay it, and that if she was able to pay it, she would not do so. Happily, the Allies are at last agreed that forbearance with a contumacious welcher ceases to be a virtue, and are prepared to take whatever measures of military or other force may be necessary to bring her to terms. The result of the plebiscite in Upper Silesia, for all her desperate and unscrupulous efforts in it, gives Germany little comfort. Some parts of the country, notably industrial centres, voted strongly to remain German. Other parts, notably some of the richest mining regions, voted as strongly to return to their ancient Polish allegiance. The gross verdict of the whole country appears to have been in favor of Germany. In advance of the polling, apprehending a total vote in favor of Poland, Germany vociferously demanded that self-determination should be accorded to the people by provinces and even by communes, so that if the country as a whole voted Polish, those parts of it which voted German might remain with the latter country. Such disposition of it was decided upon by the Reparations Commission, not because Germany wanted it but because it seemed right and just. But the moment it appeared that the country as a whole had voted German, a still more vociferous demand was made by Germany that there should be no partitioning according to local preferences, but that the whole country should be awarded to her. The Reparations Commission naturally stood by its former decision, and Upper Silesia will be apportioned between Poland and Germany as the Allies deem just and right.

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Mr. Hays begins his administration of the Post-Office Department in a highly gratifying manner. In its treatment of its three hundred thousand employees, the department is to be made human. In its service to its hundred million patrons, it is to be made efficient. Also, it is to be freed from politics; postmasters are to be appointed who will be, so far as possible, *persona grata* to their local constituents, and are to be encouraged and indeed expected to participate actively in the civic and social activities of their communities; and the civil service merit system is to be established upon a basis so comprehensive and so impregnable that nobody will hereafter venture to assail it. These, be it observed, are the very specific promises not of a candidate in advance of election, but of a man actually in office and therefore to be held strictly to their fulfilment. That they will be fulfilled, as far as it is within human power to do it, nobody who knows Mr. Hays will for a moment doubt. It is interesting to note that in addition to these promises for his department, he makes a suggestion, or a request, to the public, beginning with his own colleagues in the Cabinet, that matter for mailing shall be delivered to the post-offices as promptly as possible during the day, instead of holding it so as to dump it all together into the post-offices at the end of the day. Such a reform in mailing would greatly relieve the pressure of work in the post-offices, and would serve the interest of the public by securing earlier transmission and delivery of mail. Coöperation between the public and the department will thus be for the advantage of both.

The death of Cardinal Gibbons removed from the Roman Catholic Church in America a man of whom without invidiousness it may confidently be said that he never was surpassed among its prelates in the respect, confidence, admiration and affection in which he was held not alone by the millions of his own vast communion but also by the nation at large without regard to creed, party or race. It removed from the ranks of American citizenry, too, a patriot of most sterling worth, who did probably more than any other man that ever lived to Americanize, aggressively and effectively, a spiritual constituency comprising an exceptionally large proportion of members of alien

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origin. Those who can personally recall, with the profound gratitude which they must feel, the priceless services of Archbishop Hughes in the Civil War, can estimate the value of such services in a far greater war and also through many years of peace, multiplied many times through the longer career and the more authoritative rank of the great Cardinal.

The King of the Hellenes, having been restored to his throne, apparently seeks to confirm his possession of it by rousing the patriotic fervor of his people in a war against the hated Tribe of Othman. Incidentally, he presumably wishes to show them that in dismissing Mr. Venizelos they did not forfeit all the territorial and other advantages which that statesman had secured for them. The enterprise savors much of a private war. At any rate it is one which Greece alone is waging, not only without the aid but also without the moral support, the sympathy or the sanction of the Allies. Its only possible vindication, therefore, must be in victory. The Powers are not likely to intervene in behalf of the Turks, though of course they would not countenance Greek invasion of any Turkish territory of which they have already made definite disposal. What would happen if Constantine should venture too far, and should suffer defeat and disaster at the hands of the Turks, is another and an interesting question. The Powers could scarcely afford to have the Turks too greatly triumph over Greece. But their intervention in behalf of Greece would be likely to involve an unpleasant quarter of an hour for King Constantine.

That is a singularly felicitous enterprise of numerous British towns and cities, to "adopt" for rebuilding and restoration French and Belgian towns and cities which were desolated by the war. Thus we are told that the City and County of London has undertaken to rebuild Verdun, Newcastle will restore Arras —so far as the unrestorable can be restored—and Manchester will raise Mezieres from dust and ashes to new life. It is one of the most practical of undertakings. It is also one of the most generous and most auspicious ever conceived, for it will knit together as perhaps nothing else in the world could do the affec-

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tions of the two countries, the two peoples. Hereafter whenever Frenchmen speak or hear or think of the British capital, they will think of the rebuilder and restorer of Verdun, and as long as the heroism of the one is remembered with pride, the bounty of the other will be remembered with gratitude.

The twentieth anniversary of the organization of the United States Steel Corporation, the largest industrial concern in the world, provokes some interesting and not unprofitable reflections upon "big business." Down to twenty years ago "big business" meant that which was measured by millions of dollars, sometimes by tens of millions, and in a few cases, spoken of with awe, hundreds of millions. This was the first concern in history to be capitalized at a billion dollars. There were those who thought it too big to be practicable. But it has demonstrated the error of such apprehensions; being no more unwieldly or inclined to disintegration than any smaller corporation. In the twenty years of its existence it has paid out in dividends somewhat more than the amount of its entire capital, while the volume of its business in its twentieth year was equal to more than one and three-quarters times its capital. The amount which its activities have added, directly and indirectly, to the wealth of the nation and of the world, is scarcely to be estimated. As for friction and controversies between the managers and employees, they have been somewhat less than in many smaller corporations. The net conclusion seems to be that "big business" is not in the simple fact of its bigness necessarily evil, but may be conducted as honestly, as fairly and as liberally as even the smallest enterprise.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE PEACE NEGOTIATIONS: A Personal Narrative. By Robert Lansing. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The sub-title, "a personal narrative," truly characterizes Mr. Lansing's book. For no matter with what reluctance the distinguished author adopts the first person singular in telling his story, no matter how scrupulous his sense of propriety and of justice, no matter how impersonal his logic, the personal feeling is there, and it is this which explains the book and lends it unique interest. One does not mean to imply, in the least, that Mr. Lansing has written in pique. His motives, on any reckoning, are irreproachable. Feeling that his loyalty has been doubted, or in some manner called in question, he frankly writes in self-justification. His book is a sort of *De Corona*, without the crown—for no crowns were won at the Peace Conference. But the reaction upon one of Mr. Lansing's character and mental equipment of the feeling that he had been unfairly judged and thrust into a false and unfavorable position was inevitably—not to provoke spleen or any other unworthy emotion—but to intensify logic, to render analysis ruthless, to make of fairness and logic a crushing weapon.

Beware of the large-minded and fair-spirited man who turns at bay! Perhaps nothing that has been written about Woodrow Wilson in the heat of political controversy is half so scathing as this book of Mr. Lansing's. That it was *meant* to be scathing, is a conviction hard to resist. Certainly, if understatement may be taken as a token of irony, and if a refinement of fairness in the exposure of weaknesses may be regarded as a sign of (no doubt, justifiable) bitterness, one must come to the conclusion that few sharper indictments have ever been brought against any public man than Mr. Lansing has virtually brought against Woodrow Wilson. No "high crimes and misdemeanors" are mentioned—such things are, of course, not at all in question. But the portrait that is incidentally, and, as it were, unintentionally drawn—the portrait of a man enigmatic, inconsistent, a sort of *enfant terrible* among statesmen, a man of incalculable abilities, unfathomable wrong-headedness—this is a terrible and almost a pitiable thing.

Thus, the fact that Mr. Lansing has given, as one would expect, a remarkably clear and statesmanlike exposition of the principal issues at stake in the Peace Conference—an exposition which historians cannot ignore—sinks, for the present, into relative insignificance beside the personal aspect of the book. What is borne in upon one overwhelmingly, just now, is the conviction that nothing more damaging to the ultimate reputation of Woodrow Wilson as

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one of the world's great men could possibly have been written. On the whole, one does not believe, after all, that this effect was consciously conceived; there is too great an element in it of the inevitable, the impersonal, of what is called poetic justice. But the book is, above all, a formidable book—formidable because it is honest, able, wholly natural in feeling, and because for all these reasons it will be believed.

The narrative is personal in a sort of double sense. Not merely is it Mr. Lansing's rendering of his individual account, but also it is—and by its very nature it could not be otherwise—a continuous criticism of the former President. Everywhere one encounters this enigmatic personality. The facts are all given, the reasons *pro* and *con* are all set forth, possible differences of opinion are allowed for. But what in every case was the cause which explained the action finally taken? One is left invariably to speculate upon *Mr. Wilson's motives.*

The President's determination to be present at the Peace Conference, in spite of what was, according to Mr. Lansing, the obvious unwisdom of such a course, is to be explained only on the assumption that "the idea had become so firmly embedded in his mind that nothing could dislodge it or divert him from his purpose." Still, when he announced that he would become the head of the American Commission, he seems to have done so with grave doubts as to the prudence of his decision. "This delay in reaching a final determination was characteristic of Mr. Wilson. There is in his mentality a strange mixture of positiveness and indecision which is almost paradoxical. . . . Suddenness rather than promptness has always marked his decisions." Curiously inconsistent as he was, for example, in maintaining the doctrine of "self-determination" as against the old "balance of power," while his Covenant in effect set up an oligarchy of Great Powers, he seized with avidity upon phrases which effected a purely verbal reconciliation between opposite principles. Thus he eagerly accepted the clever formula of General Smuts, that the League of Nations was to acquire the mandated territories as "the heir of the Empires." Close analysis of the meaning of such formulae made him impatient. Questions like, "Where does the sovereignty over these [mandated] territories reside?" he dismissed as "legal technicalities." The impression one receives is that Mr. Wilson was generally intolerant of anything that hampered the free and somewhat mysterious workings of his own mind. The tentative draught of the treaty which the American experts were preparing had to be abandoned because Mr. Wilson told Mr. Lansing that he did not intend that the treaty should be made by lawyers. The American Commissioners, Mr. Lansing complains, were without definite guidance, because no clearly worked-out scheme was in their possession: the only scheme appears to have been that which more or less gradually took shape in the President's own mind.

A certain intemperateness in political controversy has been attributed to Mr. Wilson; "he has been blamed for not having sought more constantly to placate the opponents of the Covenant and to meet them on a common

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ground of compromise." But such criticisms, thinks Mr. Lansing, are hardly to be maintained. The intemperance was on the other side! "When one considers the personal animus shown and the insolent tone adopted by his critics, his conduct was very human; not wise, but human."

More than once Mr. Lansing defends his former chief in some such fashion as this; but it is to be feared that in this case the attribution of entire normality as regards the feeling element serves finally but to emphasize a certain want of what is ordinarily considered normality of judgment: Mr. Wilson was "*not wise*, but human."

To resume the imperfect reproduction of what is in effect Lansing's character sketch of Wilson: the latter's inability to receive advice is strongly emphasized. It is true that the President changed his mind in regard to certain provisions about international arbitration which had formed part of his original draught of the Covenant—provisions to which Mr. Lansing had objected upon what seem entirely just and definite grounds. But concerning other clauses, equally objectionable from Mr. Lansing's point of view, he remained obstinate. "I failed entirely," writes the ex-Secretary of State, "in my endeavor to divert the President from his determination to have these provisions inserted in the Covenant, except in the case of international arbitrations, and even in that case I do not believe that my advice had anything to do with his abandonment of his ideas as to the method of selecting arbitrators and the right of appeal from arbitral awards. Those changes and the substitution of an article providing for the future creation of a Permanent Court of International Justice, were, in my opinion, a concession to the European statesmen and due to their insistence."

It would be difficult to characterize a man more plainly by a mere statement of facts and of opinion concerning the facts.

Significant, too, in the same light, is the author's statement regarding the perfunctory nature of the President's conferences with the American Commissioners. "There was none of the frankness that should have existed between the Chief Executive and his chosen agents and advisers. The impression made was that he summoned the conferences to satisfy the *amour propre* of the Commissioners rather than out of any personal wish to do so. The consequence was that the American Commissioners, other than Colonel House, were kept in almost complete ignorance of the preliminary negotiations and were left to gather such information as they were able from the delegates of other powers, who, naturally assuming that the Americans possessed the full confidence of the President, spoke with much freedom."

Then there was the glaring inconsistency of the Shantung award—in which an opportunist policy was followed, Mr. Lansing implies, without the justification, such as it is, of real expediency. For it is Mr. Lansing's opinion that in the event of an adverse decision the Japanese would not have made good their threat of refusing to accept the treaty and to enter the League of Nations. The responsibility lay with the President. "If he had declined to recognize

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the Japanese claims, they would never have been granted. Everything goes to show that he realized this responsibility, and that the cession to Japan was not made through error or misconception of the rights of the parties, but was done deliberately and with full appreciation that China was being denied that which in other circumstances would have been awarded to her. If it had not been for reasons wholly independent and outside of the question in dispute, the President would not have decided as he did."

Taking all together the main points of the characterization, as it may be called, with the minor facts that fit in with them, one finds presented the striking portrait of a man curiously unaccountable; at once obstinate and variable; one-idea-ed and yet inconsistent, great in his way, but impossible. There is a reserve, a bareness, and a definiteness about the portrayal which stamps it upon the reader's mind.

The book is not an easy one to estimate justly in the fashion of the reviewer. One does not wish to beg the whole question, if there be a question, about Mr. Wilson's mentality or motives. No more does one wish to attribute to Mr. Lansing an animus which he does not own. But one must be true to the fact, or at least to the personal impression, that the book is, in effect, a powerful destructive analysis not only of policies but of character—a fact in which lies its commanding interest. The narrative is a kind of "acid test"; in this sense, and in this sense only, it is biting; for it contains not a word of denunciation or of satire.

A little strangely, after all, one finds one's opinion of Mr. Wilson as a remarkable, perhaps one might say a great, personality by no means obliterated by Mr. Lansing's sober and moderate, if often condemnatory record. It is true that this record does, if accepted as final, shatter the image of Mr. Wilson as a great international statesman. Hammer strokes on porcelain could hardly be more effective. But the figure of whatever was really great in the character or influence of Mr. Wilson as he was in Paris does not seem to be needlessly marred. One is prompted to reflect that in this modern world it is excessively difficult to be a great public man and at the same time an original thinker, an idealist, something of a genius. Human nature ill endures the strain of these inner compulsions and outer requirements. And it may be suggested by way of comparison that few of the foreign statesmen who participated in the Peace Conference rose in our estimation by virtue of anything done there. Mr. Lansing's story confirms one's impression that the whole procedure of Mr. Wilson, from the time when he decided to go as head of the American Commission to Paris, was strangely flawed. The Wilsonian policies, moreover, have been rejected by a majority of the American people. Yet now it is clear that a certain broad charity of judgment follows the ex-President into his retirement. Who knows that in circumstances in any way analogous to those which surrounded Mr. Wilson in Paris he himself would be secure from "the o'er growth of some complexion, oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason." Mr. Lansing's narrative, though written in an "I can no

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other" mood that scarcely admits of the softening or blurring of facts, does not exclude, and is obviously not intended to exclude, such broadly just and charitable judgment as the reader may feel disposed to accord.

Of the book it may be said finally, that it is one of those publications which without being in method or motive "sensational" may justly cause a sensation. Seldom do such circumstances work upon such a man to produce a work at once so human and so impersonal—a chapter of world history and of private history, refrigerated as it were, by the suppression of personal feeling, and so cold that it burns into the mind as liquid air, seven times colder than ice, burns into the flesh.

THE DAYS BEFORE YESTERDAY. By Lord Frederic Hamilton. New York: George H. Doran Company.

A master of the gentle art of digression—so much a master, indeed, that he seems, as few modern writers are able to seem—to be the victim of it, Lord Frederic Hamilton wanders on in the most charming, aimless fashion through pages of the most delightful reminiscence. In it all, there is nothing of awesome importance: it is just an old man's talk about his youth—but what a picture it paints!

Charm cannot arise out of variety alone nor solely from the mellowness which time gives to the backward view. There must be a social setting, and it is the mid-Victorian setting that lends the charm to Lord Frederic's book. The narrative takes us straight back to the time when no one spoke of a hotel but everyone used the word "inn," now confined to historical novels and jocular references; when young men refrained from smoking before going to a ball, in order to avoid offending their partners; when young people did not spill cigarette ashes over everything; when "the possibility of appearing in Piccadilly in anything but a high hat and a tail coat was unthinkable, as was the idea of sitting down to dinner in anything but a white tie."

In referring to these good old times, the author proves himself, certainly, a very moderate *laudator temporis acti*. Heavy drinking, for example, was more common, he admits, in those days, than now—though it is (curiously enough) to the *cigarette* rather than to superior virtue that the temperate habits of the twentieth century are due! Nor does he in any way bore his readers with comparisons between the old and the new. Nevertheless, he holds a brief for the Victorian period. Granting that the differences between different types of social life are largely sentimental, still sentiments are everything, for they include our ideals. And Victorian ideals are not to be surrendered without loss. "To my mind," writes the author, "they embody all that is clean and sound in the nation. It does not follow that because Victorians revelled in hideous wall-papers and loved ugly furniture, that therefore their points of view were mistaken ones." The reason for emphasizing this attitude of the author's at the expense of failing to point out the many charm-

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ing nooks and crannies as well as the wide outlooks of experience to which the narrative leads one, is just that at heart one cannot help agreeing with all this, whether deliberately said or implied. A book like this arouses in one a certain vague nostalgia, a longing for a more settled, better ordered, society, a simpler set of principles than we now have. In order to feel something of this it is perhaps unnecessary to be an Englishman or past seventy years of age. Shameful confession! Many of us in this great new country and in this thrilling twentieth century are at heart Victorian, and we shall revel in this latest Victorian book.

Curious and rich beyond what one may usually expect in reminiscence are the frankly miscellaneous contents. On one page one learns how it was that Cinderella happened to wear a glass slipper, and on another how at Cannes a certain Mme. Goldschmidt sang to the author's youngest brother who was sick of typhoid fever. This Mme. Goldschmidt was, of course, no other than Jenny Lind. There is a chapter descriptive of life in the Midi which rivals in atmosphere any similar study in fiction. There is another chapter dealing with life in Germany—an informal, but vivid and penetrating study of sundry types. What could be more delightful in its way than the conversations among Mr. Over-Inspector of Railroads, Mr. Factory Director Spiegelberg, Mr. Councillor of Commerce, Mr. Ducal Supervisor of Forests, Mr. Town Councillor Balhorn, and the rest, who were laboriously, and successfully, striving to acquire a practical command of English. The narrative takes us to India and to Canada; it sparkles over a great variety of subjects, irrespective of time or place. And all the time it paints a picture which one cannot help enjoying.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A PUBLIC UTILITY NEED

SIR:

In the February number of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW there appeared a most notable and fair article on the public utility problem, by Mr. Wm. McClellan. In this article Mr. McClellan treats almost entirely of the steam railroad situation and passes by entirely the psychological phase of the situation. Nor does he go into the case with those other necessary and much hampered public utilities, the electric railway—street and interurban—electric light and power, gas and telephone. These utilities are facing troubles, are living in them, quite as serious as those being faced by the railways. And as they are quite as necessary to public service and economic development, to industrial efficiency and the living of the people, they deserve consideration. They, as local factors, have the same influence on industrial and civic development, as the railways have in a larger, more national sense.

What Mr. McClellan says regarding the desirability of regulation applies with equal truth to the local utilities as it does to the railways. They desire wise and just regulation. They vastly prefer State regulation as it is now conducted, to unrestricted and wasteful competition or to local regulation by many small political units, such as counties, towns and municipalities.

The psychology of the regulation of utilities is a deep subject, bounded on all sides by the vagaries of the human mind. Just why the utilities of the country should be judged by people and lawmakers by standards of business and personal ethics and practise other and far different from those given other classes of business, is a psychological question, one that it is useless to go into. It is deep water with much floundering and little progress. Just why public opinion should regard the public utility business in so different a light from other business is just as mysterious—only partially answered by the psychologist—as why it expects inexperienced and less able men to handle public affairs, excuses them in their failures and accepts a different standard of honesty and efficiency from them.

One of the reasons why our utilities are so misjudged, however, is because they continually handle large figures, for, to the average mind a million is an immense sum, an immensely indefinite sum, with which one may do anything —the average mind and even the-above-the-average mind cannot appreciate or comprehend it. The situation in this regard is somewhat improved, since, as a nation, we have been throwing around in reckless abandon such terms as millions and billions.

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As to regulation, its chief evil today is that it is, and in the nature of things governmental, must be, political. Regulatory laws are made by legislators responsible to the voters—and they naturally seek to please their employers—the majority. Regulating Commissions are named by political officers from among their political friends, to a large extent, and quite frequently have their political ears to the ground, and must to a degree, depending on their personal strength and character, heed what they hear. At that many of them are earnest and try to do what is right.

Then, too, there enters the fact that too many such commissioners are paid salaries of from $3,000 to $15,000 a year, and so are generally selected from men who are making less than that sum, for few men will give up a lucrative income to accept a short term position at a less income than they are making. Yet these commissioners and their staffs must meet and deal with men who are receiving—and earning—incomes several times what the Commissioners receive; and whose staffs of lawyers, engineers and accountants are also better paid—therefore generally of higher ability—than the staffs of the Commissioners. In fact, most of the Commissioners, and most of their staff members, who display high abilities are bid into utility or industrial life.

Yet regulation is vastly preferable to political domination by elected town boards or city councils.

While this is all true, and while conditions due to war are seriously affecting the utilities, those great and laudable enterprises are not entirely free from some responsibility for their conditions, both economic and of public relations. Few utilities have recognized the necessity for wise merchandising in their relations with the public. First in the order of influences in the development of their great business has been the financial buccaneer. His influence is not yet over but his power has diminished. His practices are responsible for much of the disrepute in which such industries still are held by the unthinking public—still the ground for much of the political muck raking and prejudice arousing.

Today, to a great extent, the utilities are in the hands of the engineers—clean, high thinking, hard working men of technical ability and vision—acquainted with slide rule and statistical table, with the mechanics and the mathematics of the business; able constructors and operators. These able men have in many cases built up splendid plants, effected most excellent economies in production and efficiency in operation. But, alas, too frequently they are not merchants.

These men make a product—service—which they have for sale. The success of their business depends in large degree on the selling of that service. Into the selling enter all matters of public relations, including the formation of public opinion that is reflected in the laws and regulations, the creation of a desire for the service, the details of its rendering—from the consumers', not the engineers' viewpoint—and the treatment of the public—the actual and potential customers. This all calls for successful merchandising.

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Many of the utilities have sales organizations, true. But far too frequently they are technical organizations rather than merchandizing forces. In the street railway organization even the sales force is almost entirely lacking.

In this sense the merchant should not be a mere salesman, as the term usually is applied. He should be a diplomat, a skilled creator of demand and of customers for his product. While the engineer is producing the service and keeping it up to a high efficiency, the merchant is disposing of it. When business is brisk and profitable he is seeing that service is given and appreciated. When times are slack and the margin of profit is low, he seeks selling methods of strengthening business and tiding over the slack period—just as does the successful merchant in other lines.

Rarely is there combined in the one man the technical ability of the engineer competent to produce the service, and the equally commercial ability of the merchant competent to successfully dispose of the stock of "service" in good times and bad.

Eight years of service with public utilities, and a dozen other years of intimate acquaintance with them, while not directly connected with them, has taught me that a crying necessity of utilities is merchandising, that a considerable part of their difficulties would be greatly smoothed by wise merchandising. The same is as true of steam rail-roading as of the more local public utilities.

CHARLES WOODWARD LAMB.

Milwaukee, Wis.

ANTIPHRASIS

SIR:

French Academicians, we are told, in preparing a new edition of their Dictionary, are greatly puzzled over American slang, many words of which they are at a loss to define. From the examples which have been cited, however, one surmises that it is not so much slang that gives them trouble as the perverse and detestable antiphrasis which has in recent years become one of the most annoying, misleading, and altogether pernicious corruptions of current speech. Genuine slang is seldom difficult to interpret. The context makes it clear. Sometimes it is superfluous, sometimes it is vulgar, sometimes it is indefensible. But sometimes, too, it is happily conceived and is an enrichment of the vocabulary, destined on the morrow to become classic speech. An example in point is the word "slang" itself, which is of the origin which itself describes. New words are necessary, from time to time. Some may be formed academically, through grammatical derivation. Others have to be new creations. Doubtless the former class should be—though generally they are not—accordant with etymological principles. The latter must generally be laws unto themselves.

The current and increasingly prevalent antiphrasis is very different. It must be far more puzzling to the foreigner than any slang, and far more

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difficult to interpret. It is, moreover, entirely lacking in the quality of necessity, or even of convenience.

Note, for instance, the now general—in even our best newspapers, the practically universal—perversion of the familiar word "alibi." There is a word which has a specific meaning, and which can properly have no other. Yet it is now almost invariably used in an entirely different and false sense, namely as a synonym and substitute for "excuse." Such abuse is the more unjustifiable because the word which it replaces is practically as short and certainly as simple and convenient. But some crazy obsession has moved writers to write "alibi" when they mean "excuse," and I have heard of copy editors actually striking out "excuse" when it was properly used and substituting "alibi"! Nay, I have seen one case in which, through the coöperative perversity of reporter and copy editor, it was stated that "the man was able to prove, in addition to several perfectly good alibis, that he was not at that place at that time"! Apparently the word may mean anything except what it really does mean.

Another long current abuse of a somewhat similar kind, committed, however, with a different motive, is the substitution of "assault" or "attack" for "rape" or "ravish." Thus we have read that "he seized her by the throat, beat her with his fist until she was almost insensible, and then attacked her," and in another case that "he struck her several times with a bludgeon, knocking her down and breaking her arm, but did not assault her." No wonder that French Academicians are bewildered in their efforts to define some of our words!

The list of such solecisms and brutalities might be extended almost indefinitely. They are committed daily by those who so far consider themselves purists in speech as to be shocked at such slang as "boodle" or "hootch." Yet the latter are immeasurably preferable, or immeasurably less objectionable, for the reason, if nothing more, that they have a definite, unmistakable meaning, while the others have not.

The fact that the French Academicians are taking note of these abominable cases of antiphrasis suggests that there is cause for regret that we have not such a body here to be the censors and guardians of our language. As it is, nobody serves such a purpose. The newspapers have become the worst offenders. The book-publishing houses are often little better, and they have at best no concerted and uniform standard. The dictionary-makers, in their competition for bigness, have made their works inclusive rather than discriminative. The college professors of language and literature are far more given to hunting up examples to justify ill-usage than to condemning it and insisting upon right usage. The result is that the noblest language in the world is being abused and degraded, its beauty marred, precision dulled, and its practical efficiency impaired. Are magazine editors doing anything about it?

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